

# LAST GASP COMIX

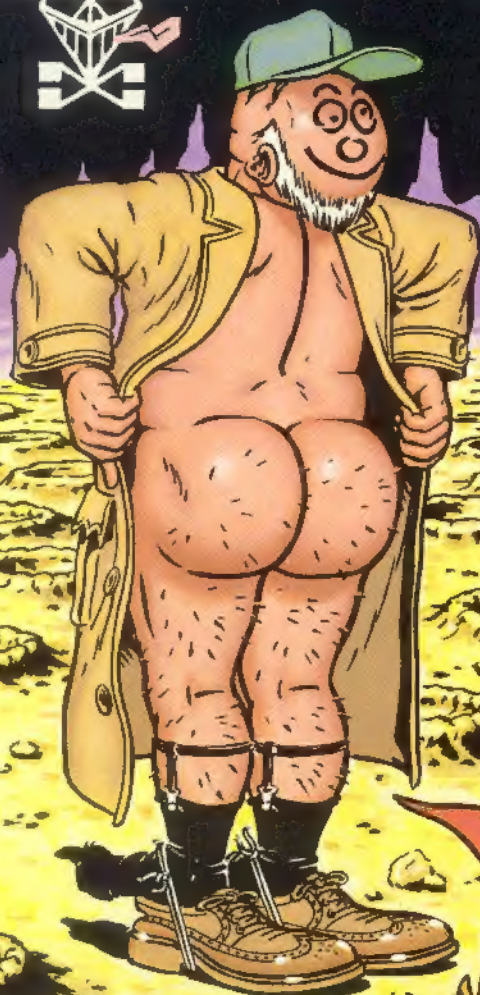
LAST GASP



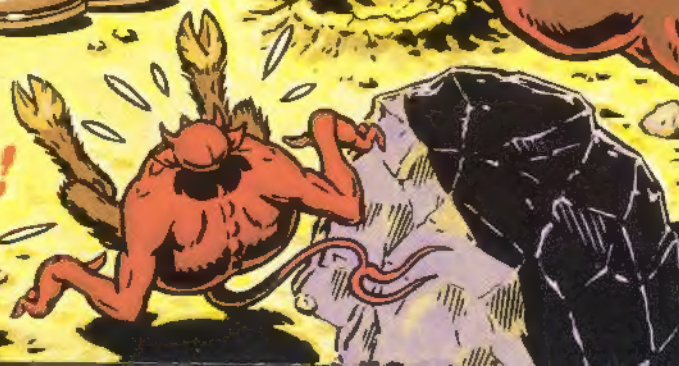
NO. 11

\$2.50

ADULTS ONLY



'DARE TO  
MOON THE  
DEVIL' ISSUE!



ROBT. WHO  
THREW  
THE  
BEAN DIP? WILLIAMS



# THE CONSTIPATED CHAOS CONSPIRACY

OR: "SO RESPLENDENT WAS THE JANITOR'S CORPSE THAT THE NECROPHILIAC FELL TO HER KNEES IN ADORATION"



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COOCHY COOTY IN

# MEGA MISCHIEF

BY ROBT. WILLIAMS ©

C. COOTY!!

HERE SIR!!!

HI COOCH, I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON THE LIST FOR MANDATORY CITIZENSHIP CLASSES?

OH HI DAINTY DIMPLES! YES I KNOW, BUT I FIGURED IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR THE IMPRESSIONABLE CHILDREN IF I GOT BACK IN THE GUTTER TO ILLUSTRATE THE SHORTCOMINGS OF ENDING UP A GUTTER SNIPE (BULLSHIT, BULLSHIT, BULLSHIT,...).

YOU KNOW, NO EXAMPLE OF BAD CONDUCT AT ALL IS BETTER THAN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT BAD CONDUCT EXIST.

HELLO YOUR OFFICALSHIP. I WAS JUST GOING TO TELL HIM THE SAMETHING.

COOCH, YOU KNOW MR. NAPOLEON HERE, REPRESENTS THE SOCIO-GUIDANCE FACTOR.

HEY BABY, YOU BEEN EIGHT YEARS OLD TEN YEARS NOW! ME & YOU COULD START A NEW RACE!

SHIT! I BET YOU GOTTA GREAT ASS. LETS TRY A FEW THINGS.

THAT'S RIGHT BILLY, AN ARMY TRAVELS ON IT'S STOMACH.

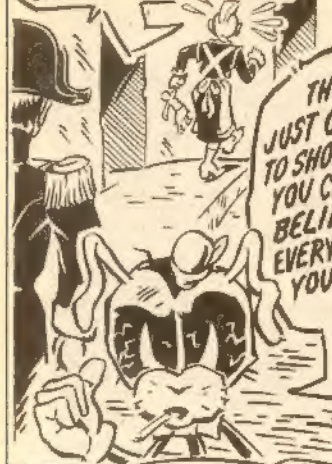
YES BILLY, THE S.G. FACTOR IS TO YOU AND OTHER MISGUIDED UNFORTUNATES, A CORRECTIONAL AID.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING!

STOP! YOU CAN'T TRY THIS STUFF IN FRONT OF NAPOLEON!

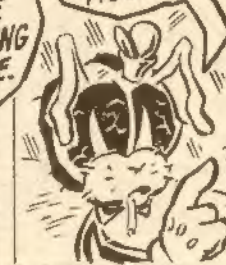


I'VE NEVER BEEN TREATED SO CHEAP IN ALL MY LIFE!!!



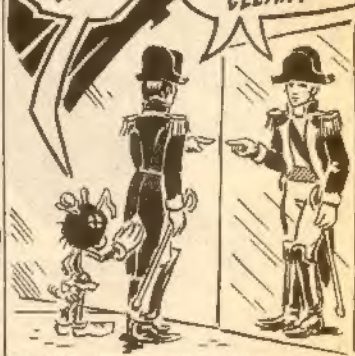
THIS JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU, YOU CAN'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU SEE.

FOR EXAMPLE YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED I DIDN'T TALK TO NAPOLEON HERE. THE REASON'S SIMPLE. I DON'T TALK TO HOLOGRAMS. THIS CLOWN IS A COMPUTER CREATED AUTHORITY FIGURE.



JIMMY, HAVE YOU BRUSHED YOUR TEETH TODAY?

WATCH THIS, HERE'S HOW TO TRAP A HOLOGRAM. FIRST YOU FIND A MIRROR TO STAND THE HOLOGRAM IN FRONT OF...

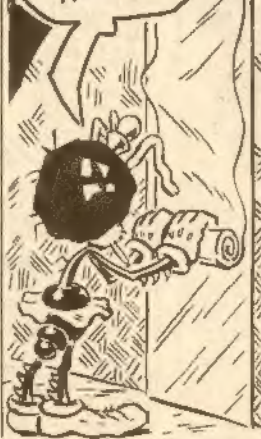


JUDY, ARE YOUR UNDERPANTS CLEAN?

...AND THEN YOU COVER THE SURFACE OF THE MIRROR WITH CLEAR PLASTIC FOOD WRAP...



...THEN YOU ROLL IT UP.

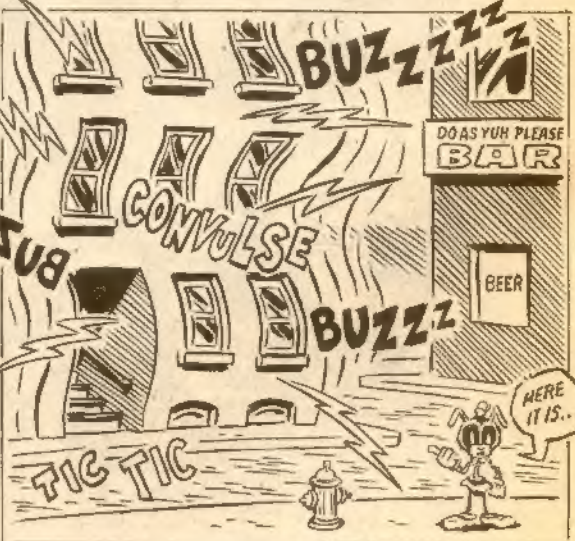


SEE, NOW WE GOT THE HOLOGRAM RIGHT HERE. I'VE VIRTUALLY MADE A DECAL OUT OF HIM.



WATERLOO

DID YOU EVER SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU PUT A HOLOGRAM IN A MICROWAVE?



BUZZZZZZ

DOAS YUH PLEASE BAR

BEER

TIC TIC

HERE IT IS...

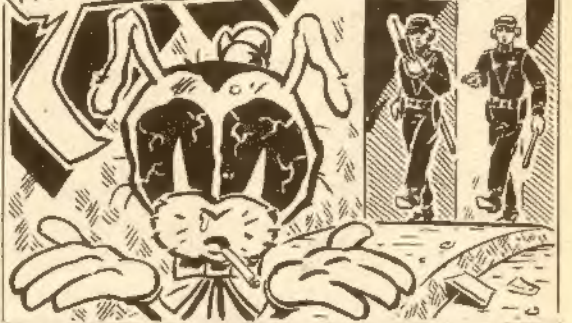




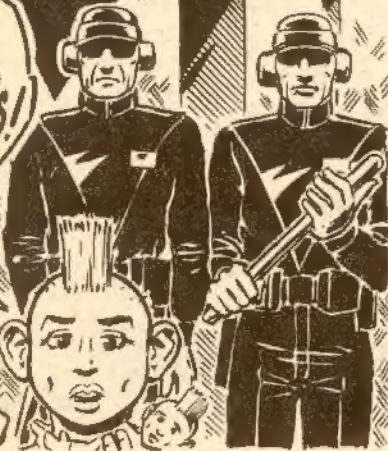
THE STORY DOESN'T END HERE. THIS MESS OVERLOADS THE COMPUTERS & BACKS UP WHERE THE HOLOGRAM WAS ORIGINALLY PROJECTED FROM DOWN ON 28TH STREET, AT THE CITYHALL COMPUTER CENTER.



NOW, SINCE I NEVER PERSONALLY ADDRESSED THE HOLOGRAM THERE IS NO RECORD OF ME INVOLVED. THE INCARCERATION MONITORS WILL BE LOOKING FOR THE LAST NAMES NAPOLEON MADE CONVERSATION WITH... BILLY, JIMMY, & JUDY!



THAT'S HIM, MR. MONITORS!



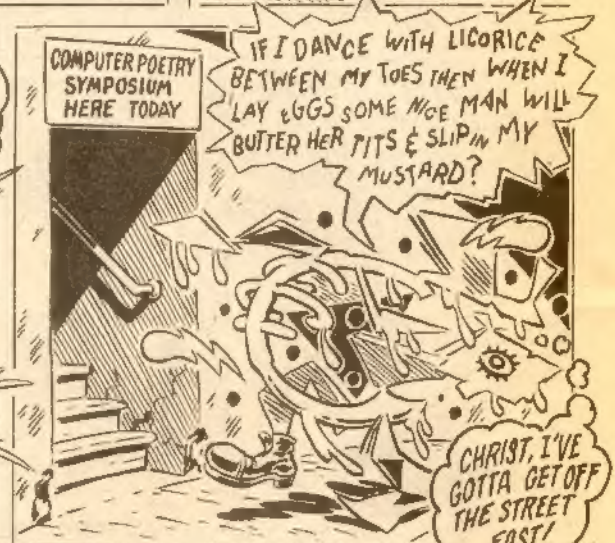
HE SUGGESTED MAKING A BABY WITH ME & HE USED THE 'S' WORD!

YOU'LL SEE COOCH. THIS IS FOR YOUR BEST INTEREST.

GOSH DAINTY, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, NO TELLIN' HOW MANY OTHER PEOPLE I MIGHT CORRUPT (BULLSHIT, BULLSHIT, BULLSHIT...)!





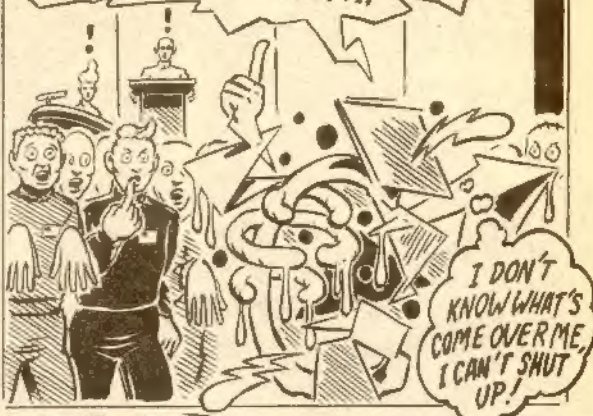




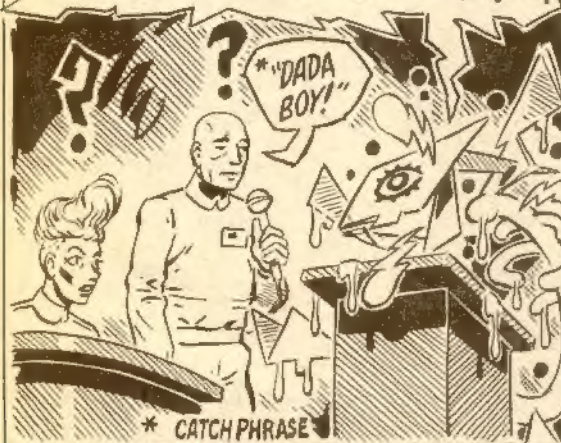
...WITH THE SMELL O' VOMIT & PORT STILL ON HER SWOLLEN LIPS, I KISSED HER LIKE A CAPITALIST OCTOPUS SUCKING THE LAST DROP OF BLOOD OUT OF A LATIN AMERICAN PEON...



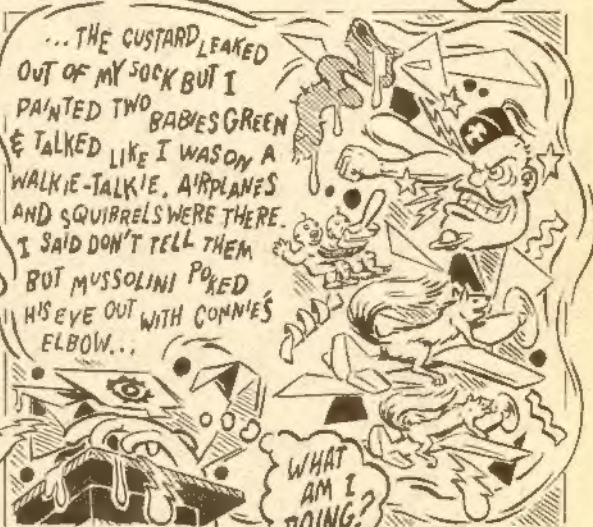
I TALKY-TALKY TOMATO TALK! TOO MANY BETTYS IN MY BANDANNA. BUT WHEN I SQUAT OVER A CANTALOUPE, I SEE LITTLE SQUABS ANOINTING MY BEHINNEY...



...WHEN IS MYSELF LIKE A STRIP OF BACON IN MOLLY'S SHOE? CAUSE I'M 'BOY' DADA, HUH?...

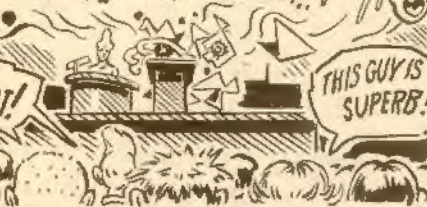


\* CATCH PHRASE



WHAT AM I DOING?

...ABOUT THAT TIME I SAW A FACE IN THE TRANSOM & A VEGETABLE SOUP ODER COMING FROM SALLY'S ARMPITS. I TURNED TO BECKY & SAID "HOPPIY-HIPPIY JONES RIDIN' ON HIS HORSE." IT WAS SO FUNNY BUT I DIDN'T LET ANY OF THE FORTITURE SEE ME LAUGHING...



THIS GUY IS SUPERB!

THREE MONTHS LATER

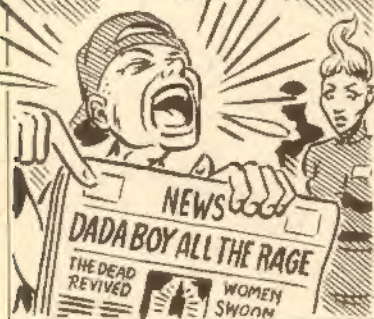
YES SIR LADIES & GENTLEMEN, BACK FROM HIS FIRST LAS VEGAS ENGAGEMENT. HERE'S 'DADA BOY'! SAY A FEW WORDS TO THE PEOPLE AT HOME.

ONCE I SHOVED GRISTLE UP THIS SECRET HOLE, THEN I SLOWED WAY DOWN. "I WAS ON THIS BIG WHEEL ONE TIME JUST AS TIMMY SAW ME DRINKING A SPECIAL FLUID THROUGH MY NOSE" SAYS MR. GOBBLE...





READ ALL ABOUT IT!...  
"COMPUTER POET PROJECTS  
3-D POEMS ON THE  
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!"



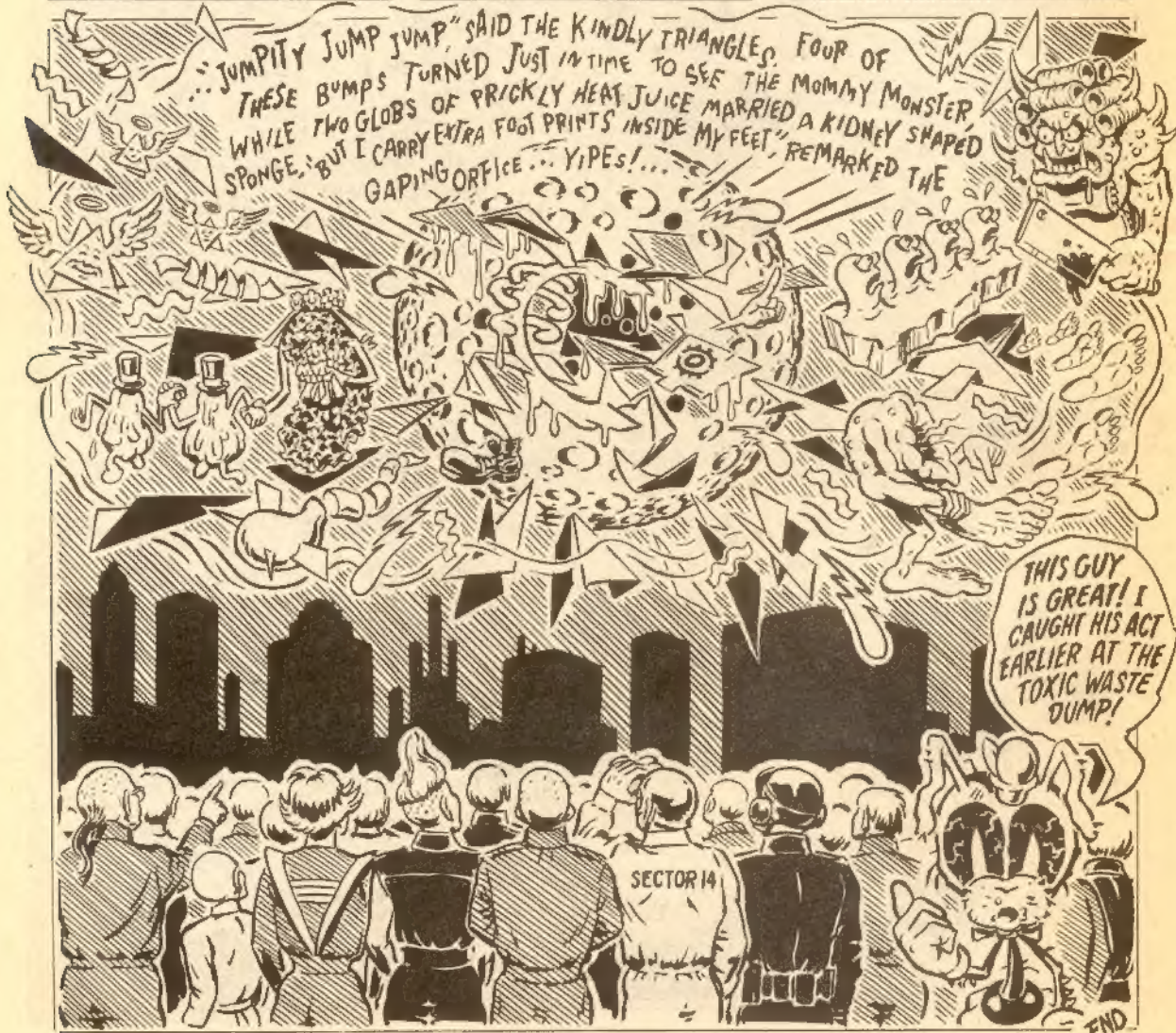
...TOMORROW AT 3:00  
DADA BOY WILL PROJECT HIS  
ARTISTRY THROUGH THE EYE  
OF A NEEDLE FROM A HOT  
AIR BALLOON...



NEWS FLASH!! AT  
9:30 TONIGHT THE GREAT  
MONSIEUR DADA BOY WILL  
PROJECT HIS GREATEST  
WORKS FROM  
THE FACE OF  
THE MOON!



"JUMPITY JUMP JUMP," SAID THE KINDLY TRIANGLES. FOUR OF  
THESE BUMPS TURNED JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE MOMMY MONSTER  
WHILE TWO GLOBS OF PRICKLY HEAT JUICE MARRIED A KIDNEY SHAPED  
SPONGE, BUT I CARRY EXTRA FOOT PRINTS INSIDE MY FEET," REMARKED THE  
GAPING ORFICE... YIPES!...



THIS GUY  
IS GREAT! I  
CAUGHT HIS ACT  
EARLIER AT THE  
TOXIC WASTE  
DUMP!

SECTOR 14

END



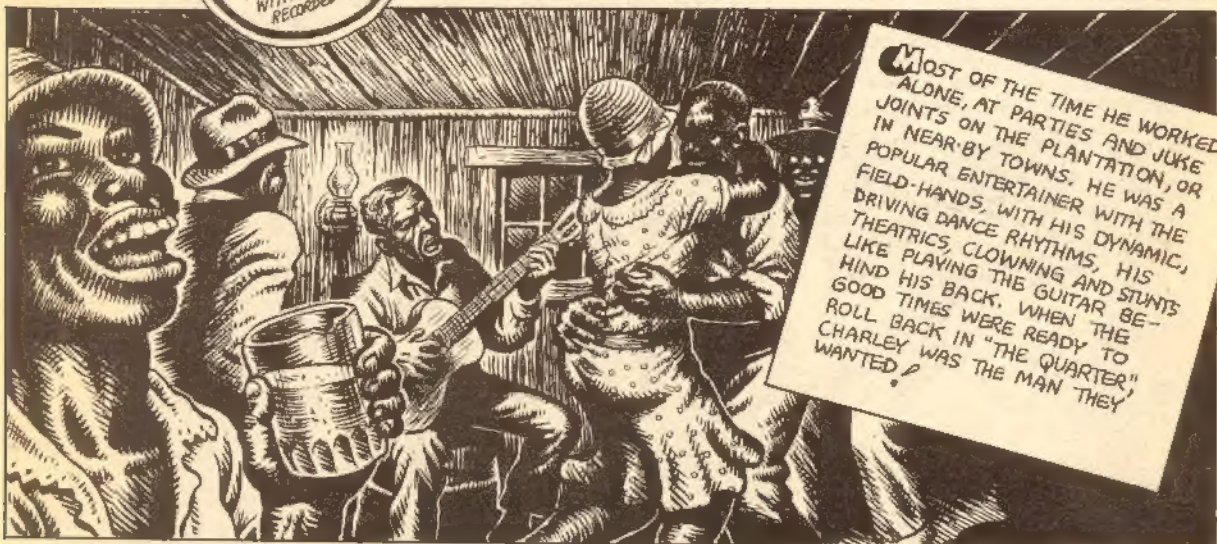
MUCH TO-DO HAS BEEN MADE OVER THE U.S. ARMY GENERAL OF WORLD-WAR II, GEORGE S. PATTON. WELL, THIS STORY ISN'T ABOUT HIM. THIS ONE'S ABOUT CHARLEY PATTON, A HUMBLE MISSISSIPPI DELTA BLUES SINGER WHO DIED IN 1934, THE ONLY THING THIS PATTON HAD IN COMMON WITH THE RENOWNED GENERAL WAS THAT HIS NAME, TOO, WAS...

# PATTON

by R. Crumb  
1984

CHARLEY PATTON LIVED MOST OF HIS LIFE ON THE VAST DOCKERY PLANTATION IN THE BOTTOMLANDS OF THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA. HE WAS A RAMBLER, A SHIFTLESS NO-GOOD WHO LIVED OFF WOMEN AND PASSED HIS TIME IN TOTAL IDLENESS. HE WAS ALSO A GREAT BLUES PERFORMER WHOSE POWERFUL EFFECT ON THE BLUES AND ROCK AND ROLL IS STILL FELT TODAY, THOUGH FEW PEOPLE EVER HEARD OF HIM. THE MUSIC HE PLAYED AND SANG CAN IN NO WAY BE DESCRIBED. IT MUST BE LISTENED TO.

RECOMMENDED  
LISTENING:  
"CHARLEY PATTON"  
YA200 L-1020,  
A DOUBLE ALBUM  
WITH 28 OF HIS  
RECORDED SONGS



MOST OF THE TIME HE WORKED ALONE, AT PARTIES AND JUKE JOINTS ON THE PLANTATION, OR IN NEAR-BY TOWNS. HE WAS A POPULAR ENTERTAINER WITH THE FIELD-HANDS, WITH HIS DYNAMIC, DRIVING DANCE RHYTHMS, HIS THEATRICS, CLOWNING AND STUNTS LIKE PLAYING THE GUITAR BEHIND HIS BACK. WHEN THE GOOD TIMES WERE READY TO ROLL BACK IN "THE QUARTER" CHARLEY WAS THE MAN THEY WANTED!



FOR THE POOR, ISOLATED BLACK PEOPLE WHO LIVED AND WORKED ON THESE PLANTATIONS, IT WAS A WAY OF LIFE LITTLE DIFFERENT FROM THE DAYS OF SLAVERY.



THE BLUES WAS A NEW STYLE OF PLAYING WHEN CHARLEY, AS A TEEN-AGER, FIRST LEARNED IT FROM AN OLDER MUSICIAN AT DOCKERY'S IN THE EARLY 1900S. HIS NAME WAS HENRY SLOAN.



BUT EVERY FARM AND EVERY TOWN HAD ITS MUSICIANS. THERE WERE SONGSTERS AND GUITAR PLAYERS, FIDDLERS AND BANJO PICKERS.



HENRY SLOAN MAY WELL HAVE BEEN THE EARLY BLUESMAN THAT W.C. HANDY HEARD WHILE WAITING FOR A TRAIN IN TUTWILER, MISSISSIPPI IN 1903.



HANDY WAS A SUCCESSFUL SCHOOLED MUSICIAN WHO WAS SO INSPIRED BY THE MUSIC OF THE UNKNOWN BLUES SINGER THAT HE WENT ON TO WRITE "THE ST. LOUIS BLUES," "YELLOW DOG BLUES," "MEMPHIS BLUES" AND MANY OTHER POPULAR TUNES USING THE BLUES FORM.

THE NEW COMMERCIALIZED BLUES WERE SUNG IN THEATRES AND CABARETS BY REFINED BLACK WOMEN ENTERTAINERS, BACKED BY THE JAZZ BANDS THEN EMERGING ON THE SHOW BIZ SCENE.





THIS TIN PAN ALLEY BLUES BARELY TOUCHED THE REMOTE RURAL BLACK PEOPLE OF THE DELTA REGION, WHERE THE REAL DOWN-TO-EARTH BLUES CONTINUED TO EVOLVE AS AN INTENSE AND ELOQUENT EXPRESSION OF THEIR LIVES.

AND THEY ALL CAME TO LEARN FROM CHARLEY PATTON. HE WAS RECOGNIZED AS THE HOTTEST BLUES PLAYER BY OTHER MUSICIANS AS WELL AS BY THE CROWDS HE PLAYED FOR.



TOMMY JOHNSON, SON HOUSE, HOWLIN' WOLF, AND OTHER GREAT BLUES SINGERS CAME TO LISTEN AND LEARN FROM PATTON. SOME OF THEM WENT ON TO BECOME LEGENDS IN THEIR OWN RIGHT.



EDDIE "SON" HOUSE



HOWLIN' WOLF



TOMMY JOHNSON



BUKKA WHITE

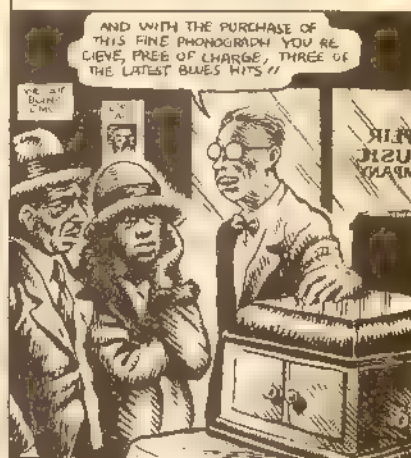
FORTUNATELY FOR US, PATTON AND SOME OF THE OTHERS WERE APPROACHED BY COMMERCIAL RECORD COMPANY SCOUTS IN THE LATE '20S TO MAKE RECORDS.



THE MUSICIANS WERE PAID TO TRAVEL TO NORTHERN CITIES TO RECORD, OR BROUGHT TO TEMPORARY STUDIOS SET UP IN LOCAL HOTELS.



THE RECORD COMPANIES RECORDED THESE REGIONAL BLUES SINGERS IN THE HOPES OF SELLING PHONOGRAPH MACHINES TO BLACK PEOPLE.





WITH THE ONCOMING GREAT DEPRESSION, POOR PEOPLE STOPPED BUYING RECORD PLAYERS ALTOGETHER. WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE RECORDING INDUSTRY LOST INTEREST IN RURAL MUSICIANS AND STAYED WITH THE MORE PROFESSIONAL URBAN BLUESMEN LIKE WASHBOARD SAM, TAMPA RED AND BIG BILL BROONZY.



BUT THE EXTENSIVE RECORDING OF COUNTRY BLUES IN THE TWENTIES HAS LEFT US WITH A RICH CULTURAL HERITAGE. FORTUNATELY, MOST OF THE RARE OLD 78'S HAVE BEEN REISSUED BY COLLECTORS ON SMALL LABELS, SO THAT WE CAN STILL ENJOY THIS GREAT MUSIC TODAY.



ALMOST ALL THE ENTHUSIASM FOR PATTON'S MUSIC NOW COMES FROM WHITE, UPPER-MIDDLE CLASS AF CIO-NADEOS AND A FEW ROCK MUSICIANS ALL THE RE-SEARCH ON HIS LIFE HAS BEEN DONE BY WHITE ACADEMICS IT SEEMS THE OLD BLUES IS STILL TOO VIVID A REMINDER TO BLACK PEOPLE OF AN OPPRESSIVE, "UNCLE TOM" PAST THEY'D RATHER FORGET ABOUT.



IF HE WERE STILL ALIVE, CHARLEY WOULD SURELY CONSIDER ALL THIS FUSS BITTERLY IRONIC. IN HIS TIME NO WHITE PEOPLE LISTENED TO THE RAW KIND OF BLUES HE PLAYED. IN FACT, CHARLEY HAD VERY LITTLE CONTACT WITH WHITES AT ALL.



EVEN RESPECTABLE, CHURCH-GOING BLACKS CONSIDERED HIM AND HIS KIND AS "BAD NIGGERS" AND THE BLUES WAS LOOKED UPON AS THE "DEVIL'S MUSIC".



PATTON'S FATHER WAS A HARD-WORKING FARMER AND A DEVOUT CHRISTIAN. HE WAS NOT PLEASED WHEN HE FOUND OUT THAT HIS YOUNG SON WAS PLAYING THAT SINFUL MUSIC.





WHEN STERN WARNINGS FAILED, CHARLEY WAS TAKEN TO THE WOODSHED FOR A HARSHER TASTE OF CHRISTIAN JUSTICE.



LATER HIS FATHER'S HEART SOFTENED TOWARD THE WAYWARD SON, AND HE BOUGHT CHARLEY A GUITAR.



IN THESE EARLY DAYS HE WAS PLAYING AROUND THE NEIGHBORHOOD WITH THE CHATMON FAMILY, A STRINGSBAND GROUP THAT PLAYED RAGTIME, MINSTREL AND TIN PAN ALLEY TUNES AT SOCIAL AFFAIRS, PICNICS AND PARTIES.



BUT EVEN THIS MUSIC WAS TOO TAME FOR THE INTENSE SEETHING YOUNG PATTON. HE WAS IRRESISTABLY DRAWN TO THE MORE PASSIONATE AND LESS WHITE MUSIC OF HENRY SLOAN, WITH ITS MORE COMPLEX RHYTHMS.



CHARLEY WAS UNDER THE SPELL OF THE BLUES AND FOLLOWED HENRY SLOAN AROUND FOR YEARS, TRYING TO GRASP THE RUDIMENTS OF THIS NEW MUSICAL APPROACH.



HIS FAMILY NEVER SAW HIM MUCH ANY MORE. HE WANDERED ABOUT, PICKING UP THE WAYS OF MIDNIGHT RAMBLERS, DRINKING HEAVILY, AND LIVING OFF WOMEN WHO COOKED IN WHITE PEOPLE'S KITCHENS.



WHEN THINGS WENT BAD HE WOULD REPENT AND TAKE UP THE BIBLE, AND RESOLVE HENCEFORTH TO PUT HIS LIFE IN THE SERVICE OF THE LORD BY PREACHING THE GOSPEL.





THESE CONVERSIONS NEVER LASTED LONG. CHARLEY COULDN'T STAY AWAY FROM THE LOOSE WOMEN, THE GOOD TIMES, AND THE MOONSHINE LIQUOR

PATTON WAS KNOWN FOR BEING "HIGH TEMPERED," "FUGHTY," AND FOR HAVING A "BIG MOUTH" WHICH OFTEN GOT HIM INTO FIGHTS, THOUGH HE WAS ILL-EQUIPPED TO DEFEND HIMSELF PHYSICALLY



SOMETIME AROUND 1931 SOMEONE TRIED TO CUT HIS THROAT, BUT PATTON SURVIVED WITH AN UGLY SCAR.

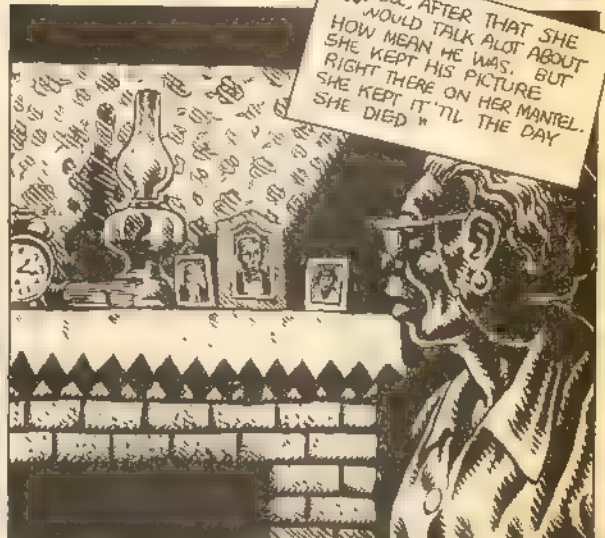


IT IS ALSO WELL-KNOWN THAT HE FOUGHT VIOLENTLY WITH HIS WOMEN. "IF THOSE WOMEN MADE HIM MAD, HE'D JUST FIGHT, AND YOU KNOW, KNOCK 'EM OUT WITH THAT OLD GUITAR," CLAIMED AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.



I KNEW ONE OF HIS WIVES, NAMED LIZZIE, AND SHE SAID ONE DAY HE JUST WALKED OFF WITH HIS GUITAR AND NEVER CAME BACK. SHE HADN'T DONE NOTHIN' TO HIM HE HADN'T DONE NOTHIN' TO HER

"WELL, AFTER THAT SHE WOULD TALK ALOT ABOUT HOW MEAN HE WAS, BUT SHE KEPT HIS PICTURE RIGHT THERE ON HER MANTLE. SHE KEPT IT 'TIL THE DAY SHE DIED"





**M**OST OF THE BLUES RECORDED AT HIS FIRST SESSIONS IN 1929 WERE CELEBRATIONS OF THE WILD TIMES, BOASTS OF HIS SEXUAL ADVENTURES, JEALOUS WOMEN, TWO-TIMING WOMEN, DRINKING AND CAROUSING IN "IT WON'T BE LONG" PATTON SINGS, "GOT A LONG TALL WOMAN, TALL LIKE A CHERRY TREE, SHE GETS UP 'FORE DAY AND SHE PUT THE THING ON ME."



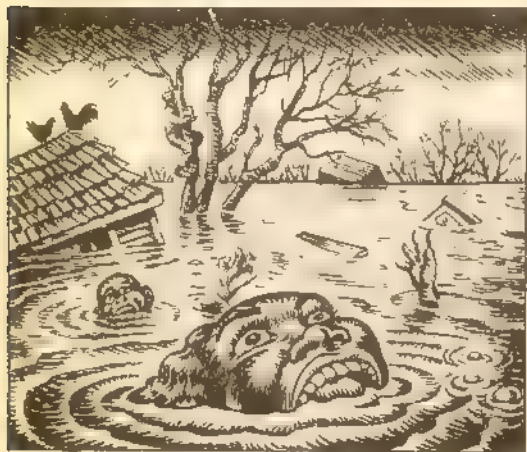
**I**N "TOM RUSHEN BLUES" HE SINGS ABOUT GETTING DRUNK AND THROWN IN JAIL. "I LAY DOWN LAST NIGHT, HOPIN' I WOULD HAVE MY PEACE, BUT WHEN I WOKE UP, TOM RUSHEN WAS SHAKIN' ME. WHEN YOU GET IN TROUBLE, NO USE TO SCREAMIN' AN' CRVIN', TOM RUSHEN WILL TAKE YOU BACK TO PRISON HOUSE FLYIN'."



**O**NE OF PATTON'S MOST POPULAR RECORDS "HIGH WATER EVERYWHERE" WAS A WAILING LAMENT ABOUT THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER FLOOD OF 1927. THE GREAT RIVER OVERFLOWED THE LEVEES AND WASHED OVER THE LAND "BACKWATER DONE ROSE AT SUMMER, DROVE POOR CHARLEY DOWN THE LINE, LORD, I TELL THE WORLD THE WATER DONE JUMPED THROUGH THIS TOWN."



**I**T WAS FIFTY MEN AND CHILDREN COME TO SINK AND DROWN, OH LORDIE, WOMEN AND GROWN MEN DOWN, OH WOMEN AND CHILDREN SINKIN' DOWN "



**I** COULDN'T SEE NOBODY HOME AND WASN'T NO ONE TO BE FOUND."





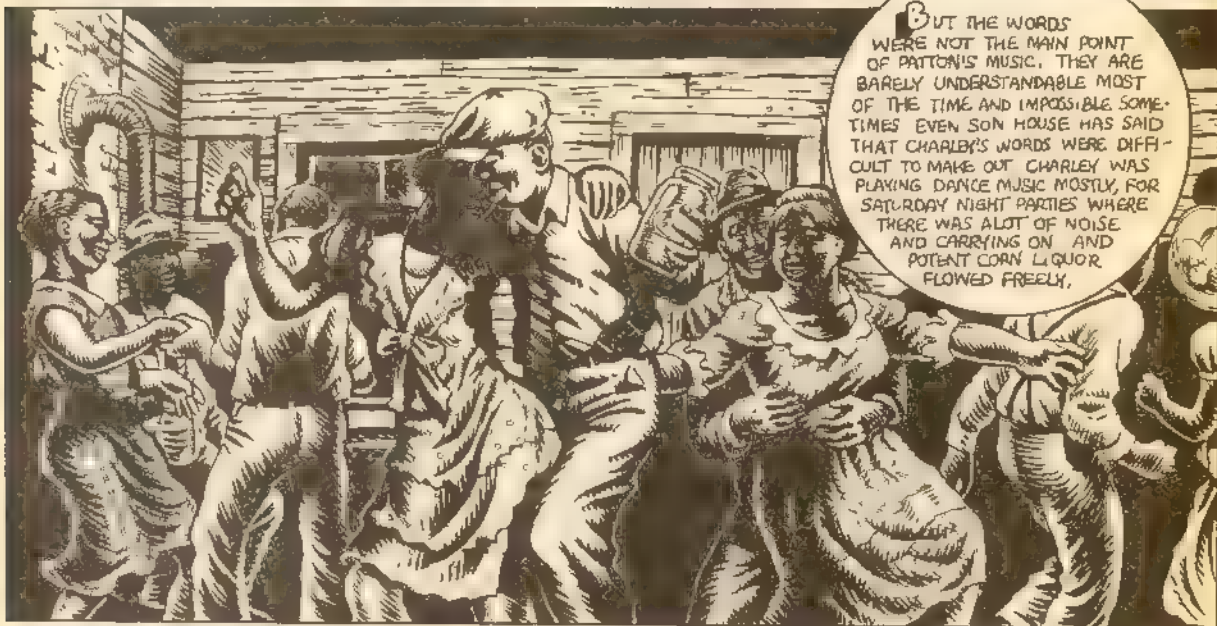
**S**EVERAL OF HIS SONGS WERE ABOUT MOVING ON, LEAVING A WOMAN, WANDERING. "I'M GOIN' AWAY, SWEET MAMA, DON'T YOU WANT TO GO? TAKE GOD TO TELL WHEN I'LL BE BACK HERE ANY MORE" (SCREAMIN' AND HOWLIN' THE BLUES). "SOME THESE DAYS, YOU GONNA MISS YOUR HONEY, KNOW YOU'RE GONNA MISS ME SWEET DREAMS, FOR I BE GOIN' AWAY" ("SOME THESE DAYS I'LL BE GONE")



**M**OSTLY HE SANG ABOUT HAVING A GOOD TIME; "I LIKE TO FUSS AND FIGHT, I LIKE TO FUSS AND FIGHT, LORD, AND GET SLOPPY DRUNK OFF A BOTTLE AND BALL AND WALK THE STREETS ALL NIGHT." (ELDER GREEN BLUES)



**B**UT THE WORDS WERE NOT THE MAIN POINT OF PATTON'S MUSIC. THEY ARE BARELY UNDERSTANDABLE MOST OF THE TIME AND IMPOSSIBLE SOME-TIMES EVEN SON HOUSE HAS SAID THAT CHARLEY'S WORDS WERE DIFFI-CULT TO MAKE OUT. CHARLEY WAS PLAYING DANCE MUSIC MOSTLY, FOR SATURDAY NIGHT PARTIES WHERE THERE WAS A LOT OF NOISE AND CARRYING ON AND POTENT CORN LIQUOR FLOWED FREELY.



**H**S VOICE WAS USED AS A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT. HE SHOUTED, SCREAMED, BELLOWED AND GROWLED HE BEAT ON HIS GUITAR, POUNDING OUT HEAVY RHYTHMS FOR LONG STRETCHES, SOMETIMES HALF AN HOUR, WHILE THE CROWD DANCED.



**J**AYS McMULLEN, A CONTEMPORARY OF PATTON'S, REMEMBERS: "I'VE SEEN CHARLEY PATTON JUST BUMP ON HIS GUITAR 'STEAD OF PICKIN' IT... I BUMPED ON IT TOO. COLORED FOLKS GET DANCIN' GONNA DANCE ALL NIGHT AND I'D GET TIRED, SO I'D GET 'EM GOOD 'N' STARTED, YOU KNOW, I'D BE HOLLERIN' AND THEN I'D JUST BE KNOCKIN' ON THE BOX WHEN THE MUSIC GET GOIN'."





**P**ATTON'S BEST FRIEND SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN WILLIE BROWN. AFTER YEARS OF HANGING OUT WITH CHARLEY AND STUDYING HIS WAY OF SINGING AND PLAYING, WILLIE BROWN BECAME A TOP NOTCH DELTA BLUES MUSICIAN HIMSELF.



**T**HEY SOME-TIMES PLAYED TOGETHER FOR DANCES, WILLIE FILLING IN THE RHYTHM WHILE CHARLEY THREW HIS GUITAR UP IN THE AIR, CAUGHT IT BETWEEN HIS LEGS, AND RAN THROUGH HIS OTHER TRICKS TO AMUSE THE CROWD.



**T**OMMY JOHNSON, FROM SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI, ALSO CAME TO LEARN FROM THESE TWO GREAT BLUES MASTERS BACK HOME, HE TOLD HIS BROTHER LEDELL THAT HE HAD LEARNED THE BLUES BY SELLING HIS SOUL TO THE DEVIL.

**"I ASKED HIM HOW,"** LEDELL LATER RECOUNTED. HE SAID IF YOU WANT TO LEARN HOW TO PLAY ANYTHING AND LEARN HOW TO MAKE SONGS YOURSELF, YOU TAKE YOUR GUITAR AND YOU GO TO WHERE A ROAD CROSSES THAT WAY, WHERE A CROSSROAD IS. BE SURE TO GET THERE JUST A LITTLE 'FORE TWELVE O'CLOCK THAT NIGHT YOU HAVE YOUR GUITAR AND BE PLAYING A PIECE SITTING THERE BY YOURSELF."



**"A BIG BLACK MAN WILL WALK UP THERE AND TAKE YOUR GUITAR, AND HE'LL TUNE IT AND THEN HE'LL PLAY A PIECE AND HAND IT BACK TO YOU. THAT'S THE WAY I LEARNED HOW TO PLAY ANYTHING I WANT."**



**A**NOTHER GREAT DELTA SINGER WHO CAME TO KNOW CHARLEY PATTON WAS SON HOUSE. HOUSE HAD JUST GOTTEN OUT OF PARCHMAN, A MISSISSIPPI PENAL FARM, AFTER A TWO YEAR TERM FOR SHOOTING AND KILLING A MAN IN A FIGHT IN 1928. PATTON LIKED SON HOUSE'S MUSIC AND INVITED HIM TO COME ALONG TO A RECORDING SESSION IN GRAFTON, WISCONSIN, WITH HIMSELF AND WILLIE BROWN.



**A**LSO GOING ALONG WAS LOUISE JOHNSON, A YOUNG GIRL WHO PLAYED A POWERFUL BOOGIE WOOGIE PIANO BLUES IN A LOCAL JUKE JOINT. PATTON WAS IMPRESSED WITH HER PLAYING AS WELL AS HER LOOKS AND HAD BEGUN COURTING HER.





LOUISE BRAGGED YEARS LATER HOW HE'D STOLEN THE GIRL PIANO PLAYER AWAY FROM CHARLEY ON THE TRIP UP TO GRAFTON; "CHARLEY, HE'S MAD. HE'S SITTING IN THE FRONT RIGHT ALONG! COMMENCE TO LEANING OVER TALKING TRASH TO HER. I SAY, 'I REALLY KINDA LIKE YOU, GAL,' AND WE TAKE ANOTHER BIG SWALLOW."



SO THEY HAVE A LITTLE HOTEL THERE IN GRAFTON WHERE THE RECORDERS STAY AT. SO I COME UP, AND THEY'S TELLING ME 'BOUT THE MAN DONE BEEN HERE AND GIVE US ALL THE KEYS' I SAID, WHERE DID HE GO, 'CAUSE HE AIN' GIVE ME NO KEY, AND SO LOUISE SAY, 'YES HE DID' I SAY, 'NO HE DIDNT. SAY, 'I GOT ME AND YOUR KEY' I SAY, 'OH, OH, THAT'S IT THEN! AND THAT'S THE WAY IT HAPPENED. ME AND HER STAYED IN OUR LITTLE ROOM."



BY THE MID 'TWENTIES A YOUNGER CROP OF BLUES PLAYERS WERE COMING UP STRONG IN THE DELTA. AMONG THESE WAS A HIGH STRING TEEN-AGER NAMED ROBERT JOHNSON. HE LIVED NEAR WILLIE BROWN AND STARTED COMING AROUND TO PICK UP THE BLUES FROM BROWN, PATTON, AND SON HOUSE.



THE OLDER MUSICIANS DISDAINED YOUNG JOHNSON'S FALTERING EFFORTS ON THE GUITAR. WHEN THEY WERE DRUNK AND FEELING MEAN PATTON BROWN AND HOUSE WOULD OFTEN R.D. CULE. HIS PLAYING, FINALLY FORCING HIM TO RUN AWAY FROM THE AREA.



A YEAR OR SO LATER, ROBERT JOHNSON RETURNED AND DAZZLED THEM ALL WITH A NEW BLUES GUITAR STYLE USING A DRIVING, HEAVY BASS BEAT THAT HE HAD CREATED ON HIS OWN. IN 1936 AND 37 JOHN-SON WOULD RECORD SOME OF THE GREATEST COUNTRY BLUES OF ALL TIME.



PATTON'S HEALTH WAS SERIOUSLY FAILING BY 1930 A HARD, FAST LIFE OF DRINKING CORN LIQUOR AND CHAIN SMOKING WAS BEGINNING TO TELL ON HIM. HE WAS PROBABLY ONLY IN HIS MID-FORTIES BY THIS TIME.

HIS SONGS BEGAN TAKING ON A MORE OMINOUS, DESPERATE NOTE. IN "BIRD NEST BOUND" HE SEEMED TO YEARN FOR SECURITY AND STABILITY "IF I WAS A BIRD, MAMA, I WOULD FIND A NEST IN THE HEART OF TOWN, SO WHEN THE TOWN GET LONE - SOME I'D BE BIRDNEST BOUND."





"OH I REMEMBER ONE MORNIN', STANDIN' IN MY BABY'S DOOR. BOY, YOU KNOW WHAT SHE TOLD ME? LOOKA HERE, PAPA CHARLEY, I DON'T WANT YOU NO MORE."



BUT THEY STAYED TOGETHER, AND SANG TOGETHER AT PATTON'S LAST RECORDING SESSION IN 1934. IN JANUARY OF THAT YEAR W R CALAWAY OF THE AMERICAN RECORD CORPORATION BEGAN LOOKING FOR PATTON TO CUT SOME NEW RECORDS. THE INDUSTRY WAS BEGINNING TO REVIVE SOMEWHAT FROM THE DEPRESSION.



THEY FINALLY LOCATED CHARLEY AND BERTHA LEE IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF BELZONI, MISSISSIPPI. THEY WERE BOTH IN JAIL, HAVING BEEN INVOLVED IN A DRUNKEN FRACAS AT A HOUSE PARTY. CALAWAY BAILED THEM OUT.



FROM 1930 ON PATTON LIVED WITH A WOMAN NAMED BERTHA LEE, WHO COOKED FOR WHITE FAMILIES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. THE COUPLE MOVED AROUND, HAD VIOLENT ARGUMENTS. PATTON BLAMED HIS FAILING HEALTH ON HER. HE ACCUSED HER OF STARVING HIM. THEY'D GET DRUNK AND GO AT EACH OTHER IN VIOLENT FITS OF RAGE.



HE TOOK THEM WITH HIM BACK TO NEW YORK CITY. PATTON WAS IN VERY BAD SHAPE. HE WAS WEAK, SHORT OF BREATH, AND HAD LOST MUCH OF HIS PERFORMING POWER.





HIS LAST RECORDINGS REVEAL HIS AWARENESS THAT HIS LIFE MAY BE CUT SHORT. IN "POOR ME" HE SINGS, "DON'T THE MOON LOOK PRETTY, SHININ' DOWN THROUGH THE TREE. I CAN SEE BERTHA LEE, LORD, BUT SHE CAN'T SEE ME."



HE AND BERTHA LEE SANG TOGETHER ON THE SONG "OH DEATH." ON THIS RECORD YOU CAN VIVIDLY HEAR THE NEARNESS OF DEATH AND CHARLEY'S HORROR IN THE FACE OF IT



SEVERAL WEEKS AFTER THIS PATTON LAY ON HIS DEATH BED. FOR A WEEK HE LAID THERE PREACHING, REPEAT NG OVER AND OVER HIS FAVORITE SERMON. RECORDED BY HIM IN 1929 UNDER THE PSEUDONYM ELDER J.J. HADLEY: "WHEN HE COME DOWN HIS HAIR GONNA BE LIKE LAMB'S WOOL AND HIS EYES LIKE FLAMES OF FIRE, AND EVERY MAN GONNA KNOW HE'S THE SON OF THE TRUE LIVING GOD. 'ROUND HIS SHOULDERS GOIN' TO BE A RAINBOW AND HIS FEET LIKE FINE BRASS... AND HES GONNA HAVE A TREE BEFORE THE TWELVE MANNERS OF FOOD, AND THE LEAVES GONNA BE HEALING DAMNATION, AND THE BIG ROCK THAT YOU CAN SIT' BEHIND, THE WIND CAN'T BLOW AT YOU NO MORE, AND YOU GONNA COUNT THE FOUR-AND-TWENTY ELDERS THAT YOU CAN SIT DOWN AND TALK WITH, AND THAT YOU CAN TALK ABOUT YOUR TROUBLE THAT YOU COME - WORLD YOU JUST COME FROM."



CHARLEY PATTON DIED ON APRIL 28TH 1934. HIS DEATH WENT UNREPORTED IN THE LOCAL AND NATIONAL PRESS.

A LARGE PORTION OF THE INFORMATION FOR THIS STORY CAME FROM ROBERT PALMER'S FINE BOOK, "DEEP BLUES," PUBLISHED IN 1981 BY VIKING PRESS.



# TRASHMAN AGENT of the 6th International

© 84 SPAIN

TRASHMAN MASTER OF THE  
MYSTERIOUS "PARA SCIENCES" WAGES  
CEASELESS BATTLE ON THE SHADOW  
TYRANNY THAT HAS COVERED THE  
LAND *Algernon Backwash*

I WONDER IF I MISSED  
MY STOP

BUT ... I DON'T REMEMBER  
GETTING ON THIS TRAIN

DRAWN BY SPAIN  
WRITTEN BY  
ALGERNON BACKWASH







7221

WELL I MIGHT AS WELL GET OUT  
HERE AND SEE WHERE THE FUCK  
I AM



DOESN'T  
SEEM TO  
BE ANY  
SIGNS



'NASTY ELAINE AND "MAL-OCCULA"  
WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?



SHIT! NO WEAPON



THE SELF  
SAW HIM  
A SECOND AGO



GEES! NO "RANDOM  
ALERT FACTOR"  
EITHER



I GOTTA  
FIND SOMEWAY  
OTTA HERE



TRASHMAN WANDERS  
THRU SEEMINGLY ENDLESS  
CORRIDORS

ZODIAC  
KNIGHT

THEN

A LIGHT UNDER  
THE DOOR!

TRASHMAN  
OPENS THE  
DOOR

UHH! HI HON,  
I DIDN'T EXPECT  
YOU HOME SO  
SOON

WHA!?

I'LL HEH! HEH!  
FIX YOU SOME  
BREAKFAST

OH DON'T GO INTO  
THE BEDROOM,  
I HAVEN'T FIXED  
THE BED

THIS IS NUTS! "NASTY ELAINE"  
PRETENDING TO BE MY  
OLD LADY

SHE OBVIOUSLY  
DOESN'T WANT ME TO GO IN  
THERE, SO THAT MUST BE  
WHERE "MAL-OCULA" IS

EXCUSE ME  
I WAS <sup>AWAY</sup> HERE  
JUST ABOUT  
TO DEPART

ITS NOT  
REALLY  
HOW IT  
LOOKS

HAHA HAHAHA

I KNEW IT ALL  
ALONG YOU NEVER  
REALLY CARED  
SOB

RING



THE SELF IS  
HERE AS A  
REPRESENTATIVE  
OF THE  
GLOBACO  
INSURANCE  
GROUP



SUDDENLY HIS "RANDOM ALERT  
FACTOR" RETURNS

TRASHMAN...  
SITUATION: FREAKY



THEN UNH! WHERE AM I

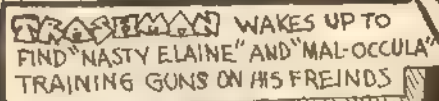


A NEW SCENE  
FADES IN...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM  
HE'S BEEN OUT FOR HOURS



TRASHMAN WAKES UP TO  
FIND "NASTY ELAINE" AND "MAL-OCULA"  
TRAINING GUNS ON HIS FREINDS

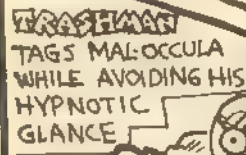


COOF

WE'LL GET  
'EM LATER  
YOU WERE OUT FOR A  
WHILE  
MAN



TRASHMAN  
TAGS MAL-OCULA  
WHILE AVOIDING HIS  
HYPNOTIC  
GLANCE

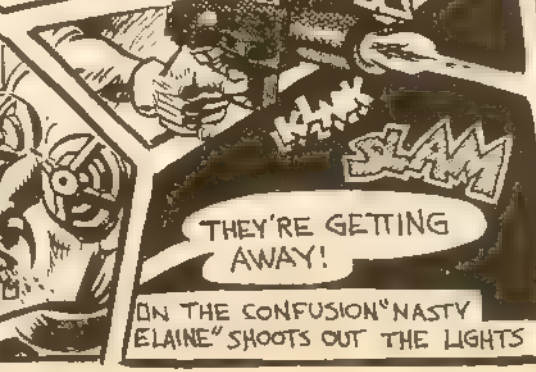


POK

SLAM

THEY'RE GETTING  
AWAY!

ON THE CONFUSION "NASTY  
ELAINE" SHOTS OUT THE LIGHTS



YA, I HAD THE WEIRDEST  
DREAM









ANCESTRAL EXPOSÉ!

# NEARMEN, THROWBACKS AND ANCIENT CHEEKAGE!

BY  
ROBT. 'MR. SIDESHOW SCIENCE'

WILLIAMS

©'85

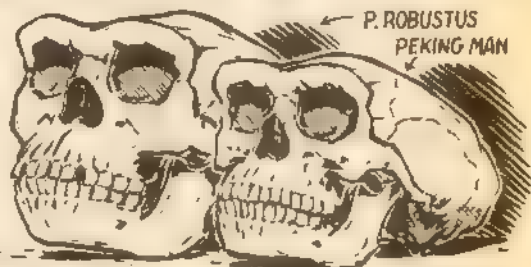


**I**N THE SEARCH FOR THE ORIGINS OF MANKIND, SCHOLARS PURPOSELY AVOID OBVIOUS SENSATIONAL CONCLUSIONS. REPUTATIONS AND POSSIBLE FORTHCOMING GRANTS ARE NEVER GAMBLLED AWAY OVER WHAT WOULD MAKE GOOD YELLOW JOURNALISM. HERE'S A FEW EXAMPLES.

TO START WITH LET'S TAKE THE CASE OF THE OL' JAVA MAN (PITHECANTHROPUS ERECTUS, ALSO KNOWN AS HOMO ERECTUS). A NUMBER OF THESE SKULLS WERE FOUND FROM 1891 UP UNTIL RECENTLY. BUT FOR THE BEST EXAMPLE OF THIS CAVEMAN WE REFER TO PROF. G.H.R. VON KOENIGSWALD'S PITHECANTHROPUS IX. THIS MILLION YEAR OLD-PLUS SKULL IS FAR LARGER THAN ANY OTHER HOMO ERECTUS SKULL. IT MAKES THE PEKING MAN (ALSO HOMO ERECTUS) LOOK LIKE A MIDGET. IN FACT IT WAS ALSO NAMED 'PITHECANTHROPUS ROBUSTUS' WHICH MEANS ROUGH APEMAN OR MORE COLLOQUIALLY 'TOUGH MUTHA-FUCKER.' AT THE SAME SITE WAS FOUND A JAW OF A BRUISER THAT WAS EVEN BIGGER, STILL CONSIDERED A HOMO ERECTUS. HE WAS GIVEN THE NAME MEGANTHROPUS (VERY BIG MAN OR MEGA MUTHA-FUCKER).

WHAT THIS SEEMS TO MEAN IS THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME AWFULLY LARGE AND FEARSOME PERSONAGES IN OUR FAMILY TREE. THERE IS GOOD EVIDENCE THAT P. ROBUSTUS WAS A CANNIBAL.

AND ONE SCIENTIFIC PAPER MAKES THEM OUT TO BE HEAD HUNTERS. WHAT COULD HEAD COLLECTING SYMBOLICALLY MEAN TO AN OVERSIZED EGG-SUCKER WITH A 38 I.Q.?



**F**OR EVEN STRANGER COUSINS LET'S LOOK OUTSIDE OF THE HUMAN MAIN LINE OF EVOLUTION AND TAKE A PEEK AT ONE OF OUR MIOCENE APE RELATIVES. IT'S REASONABLY SAFE TO SAY THAT WE CAME FROM MIOCENE APES BUT ONE APE THAT STANDS OUT AS A DISTANT COUSIN IS GIGANTOPITHECUS (GIANT APE). THIS VEGETARIAN COLOSSUS DATES BACK AS EARLY AS NINE MILLION YEARS AND AS RECENTLY AS 500,000 YEARS. THIS CREATURE MUST HAVE BEEN RATHER ENORMOUS AND HAS BEEN REFERRED TO AS THE "ELEPHANT OF THE APES". IT WAS AN EXTREMELY SUCCESSFUL ANIMAL AND

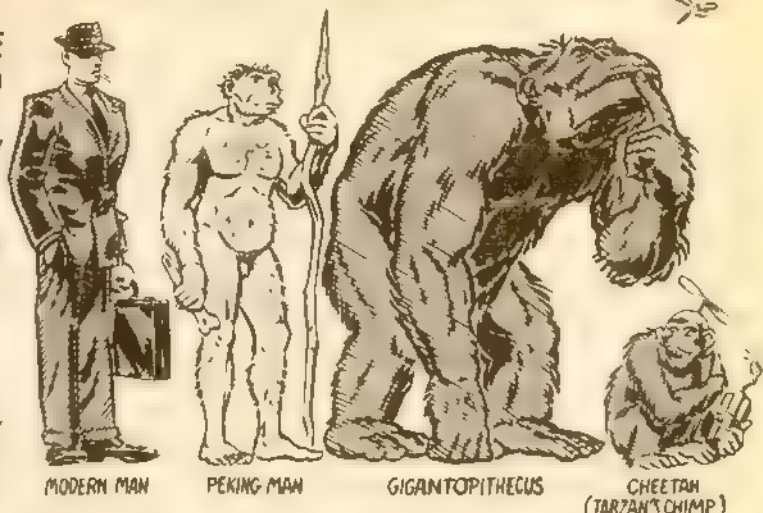
PROBABLY WAS DRIVEN TO EXTINCTION BY HOMO ERECTUS(US). KNOWN ONLY FROM A FEW TEETH AND A PART OF A LEG BONE, GIGANTOPITHECUS HAS BEEN FOUND IN PAKISTAN, INDIA, AND CHINA. ONE REASON THAT THIS CREATURE MAY NOT HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC IS THE NATURAL CONCLUSION THAT IT MIGHT BE THE





ALLEGED ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN, YETI, SASQUATCH, BIGFOOT, OR WHAT HAVE YOU. WHAT A PERFECT TITLE FOR A MONSTER MOVIE: "ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET GIGANTOPITHECUS"!

BUT LET'S GET BACK TO THE LINE OF HUMAN EVOLUTION AGAIN AND EXAMINE SOME OLD THOUGHT PROCESSES THAT MUST HAVE BEEN WITH US FOR A HELL OF A LONG TIME (THE MALES AMONG US ANY WAY). IT'S ALWAYS BEEN THOUGHT IN PALEOANTHROPOLOGY THAT AS MAN EVOLVED HE WAS MORE OR LESS A STOOPED OVER APE-LIKE FIGURE THAT WADDLED AROUND JUST A LITTLE BETTER THAN A SICK CHIMPANZEE. THE 50,000 YEAR OLD NEANDERTHAL MAN WAS AT



ONE TIME THOUGHT TO FIT THIS DESCRIPTION. AS MORE FOSSIL FINDS WERE MADE THE FARTHER BACK IN TIME THIS IMAGE OF A HAIRY APEMAN WAS SHOVED BACK ON THE LADDER OF EVOLUTION. SINCE D. C. JOHANSON'S DISCOVERY OF A SKELETON OF A SMALL 3½ MILLION YEAR OLD WOMAN (LUCY) WAS FOUND IN 1974, THE WHOLE IMAGE OF A HUNCHED OVER BEAST HAS BEEN PUSHED RIGHT OUT OF SIGHT. NOBODY KNOWS WHAT'S BEFORE 3½ MILLION YEARS AGO EXCEPT FOR THE EXISTENCE OF ANCIENT APES FROM 7 MILLION YEARS AGO.

'LUCY' WALKED PERFECTLY UPRIGHT AND HAD AN ALMOST PERFECT 'HUMAN' BODY WITH A HEAD AND FACE LIKE A CHIMPANZEE.

THE POINT IS OUR ANCIENT MONKEY-MINDED FOREFATHERS WERE VIRTUALLY LOOKING AND ADMIRING THE SAME FEMALE REARS WE SEE TODAY, AND FOR THAT MATTER THOSE ANCIENT FEMALES WERE PROBABLY JUST AS DISTRESSED BY THE SAME OLD SIGHT OF MALE FRONTAL NUDITY AS TODAY. AND TO TOP IT OFF SCIENTISTS ARE STARTING TO BELIEVE THAT OUR APE-HEADED ANCESTORS WERE NOT COVERED ALL OVER WITH HAIR LIKE APES BUT HAD MUFFS LIKE US.



MAE WEST'S  
SOUTHERN EXPOSURE  
1932



BRIGITTE HELM'S ASS  
AS THE ROBOT IN  
METROPOLIS 1926



THE STATUE OF LIBERTY'S  
BRONZE KEISTER  
1886



MADAM POMPADOUR'S  
TRAILING GRACE  
CIRCA 1750



VENUS DE MILO'S  
CORINTHIAN AFT  
CIRCA 400 B.C.



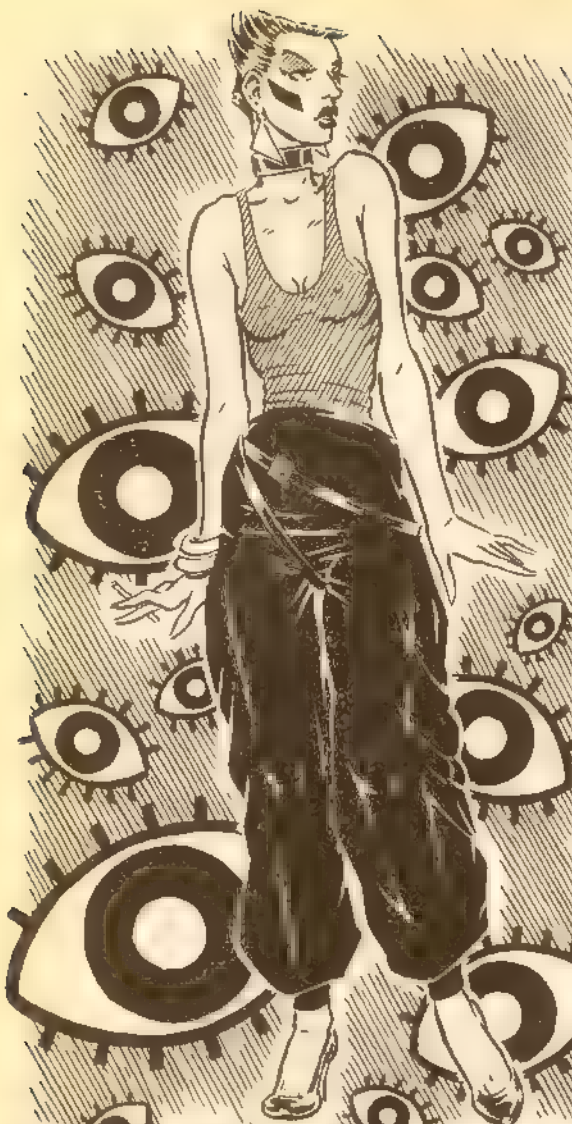
LUCY'S GARDEN OF EDEN,  
COME HITHER SMILE  
CIRCA 3½ MILLION YEARS B.C.

SO I GUESS ON THE SIXTH DAY GOD CREATED ASS. HE MUST HAVE DONE A GOOD JOB 'CAUSE IT'S BEEN WITH US UNCHANGED FOR DAMN NEAR FOUR MILLION YEARS!









MS. RACHEL LANCE-ST. FONTAINE'S STORY IS EVIDENCE THAT A WOMAN'S LIFE TODAY MAY BE LIBERATED BUT CERTAINLY NOT FULFILLED.

BORN WITH EVERY POSSIBLE ADVANTAGE, MS. LANCE-ST. FONTAINE'S FORMATIVE YEARS WERE A TRUE PROCESSION OF BLISS. BESIDES BEING THE ONLY CHILD IN A WEALTHY FAMILY, SHE WAS ENDOWED WITH A HIGH INTELLIGENCE, PUNGENT DISPOSITION, GRACEFUL POISE, A NATURAL INBRED GLAMOUR AND AN INHERENT SENSE OF FASHION. IN SHORT, SHE WAS THE EPITOME OF TOMORROW'S FORWARD MINDED WOMAN.

AFTER COMPLETING FINISHING SCHOOL, MS. LANCE-ST. FONTAINE WOULD FIND TOO MUCH BOREDOM IN THE LIFE OF THE IDLE RICH. SHE WOULD SOON SUCCESSFULLY APPLY HER GOD-GIVEN ATTRIBUTES TO THE PURSUIT OF A CAREER.

OUR TALE COULD HAPPILY END HERE, BUT THIS WOULD NOT BE THE TOTAL STORY OF MS. RACHEL LANCE-ST. FONTAINE. FOR ANYONE TO KNOW RACHEL, THEY WOULD NEVER GUESS THAT HIDDEN BEHIND HER EFFERVESCENT PERSONALITY WAS A SERIOUS MASS MURDERESS, A DEDICATED MALTHUSIAN, A PERSON WITH THE BELIEF THAT HUMANITY CAN ONLY BEST BE SERVED BY A DRASTIC CUTBACK IN THE HUMAN POPULATION! THIS IS THE STORY OF THE ...

# DEPOPULATING DEBUTANTE!

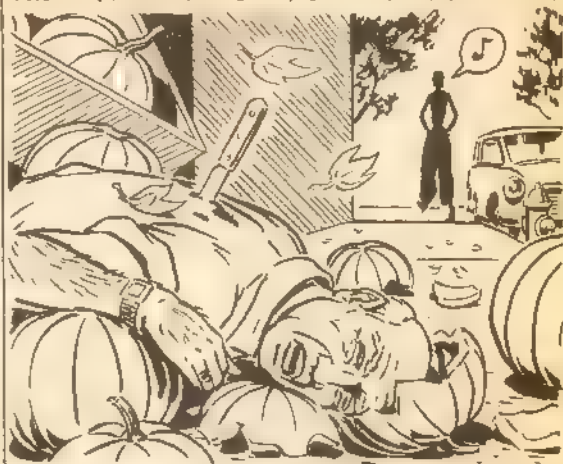
ROBT. WILLIAMS ©



RACHEL HAD CONTEMPLATED COMMITTING A  
RANDOM HOMICIDE...



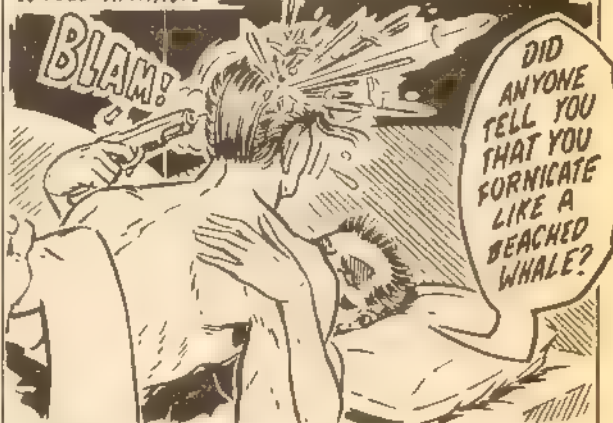
...AND COMING WITH THE FIRST LEAVES OF AUTUMN,  
SHE CARRIED OUT HER FIRST REPREHENSIBLE ACT.



MS. LANCE-ST. FONTAINE WAS BY NO MEANS A  
MAN-HATER...



...BUT SHE COULDN'T RESIST THE OPPORTUNITY TO  
VICTIMIZE THE 'LOVE FODDER' HER PULCHRITUDE  
WOULD ATTRACT.



IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THERE WAS A  
MARKED SHORTAGE OF MEN IN THE SINGLE'S  
CLUBS IN THE RIDGECREST HEIGHTS DISTRICT.



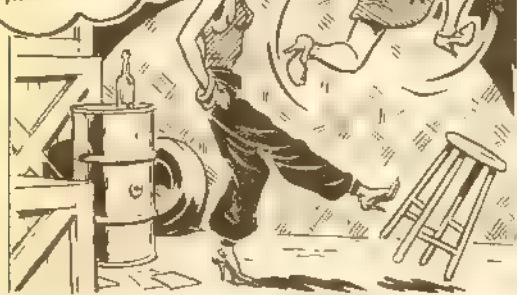
BY THE END  
OF THE YEAR  
RACHEL HAD LET  
HER CAREER AS  
A FASHION  
DESIGNER SLIP  
THROUGH HER  
FINGERS. SHE WAS  
NOW A FULL TIME  
AMATEUR  
EXECUTIONER.

THEN HER SELF-ASSUREDNESS STARTED  
TO FALTER. SHE FELT SUCCESSFULL AS A  
HUMANITARIAN, BUT SHE SEEMED EMPTY  
AS AN ARTIST.

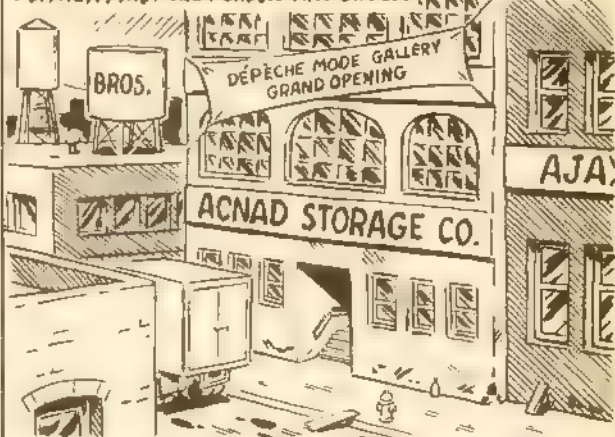




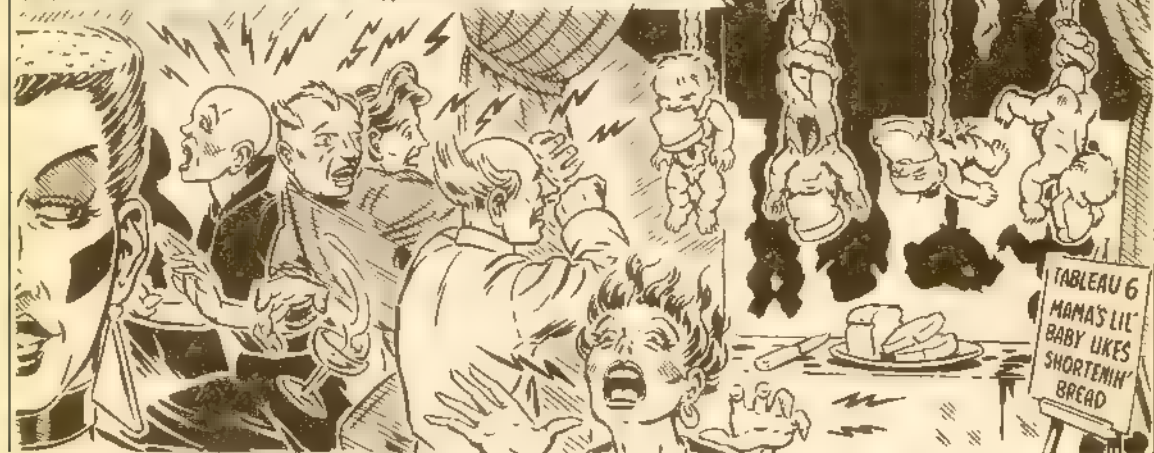
IS WHAT I DO NOT ONLY  
A SERVICE TO ECOLOGY BUT  
A FORM OF ART, TOO?  
WHAT I NEED TO  
DO IS SHARE  
MY GIFT WITH  
THE PUBLIC.



...AND SO IT WAS. SHE RENTED AN OLD WAREHOUSE  
UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME AND STARTED PROMOTIONS  
FOR HER FIRST ONE-PERSON ART SHOW.



HER OPENING (UNDER THE NAME OF PASHA GIRABALDI) HAD A  
CHILDREN'S THEME CALLED "THOSE MOTHER'S LITTLE WORRY YEARS".



NEEDLESS TO SAY, RACHEL'S FIRST  
SHOW MADE PASHA GIRABALDI A  
HOUSEHOLD WORD.



IN FRONT OF EVERY MAJOR ART  
MUSEUM SHE LEFT ONE OF HER  
GRUESOME CREATIONS.

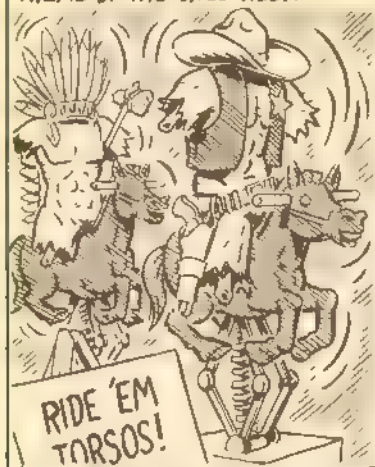


AT THE METROPOLITAN RACHEL  
USED A NAUTICAL THEME.





AT THE WHITNEY SHE USED THE  
THEME OF THE WILD WEST.



IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE COPYCAT  
KILLERS GOT ON THE BAND WAGON.  
THIS UPSET MS LANCE-SI FONTAINE  
BECAUSE OF THEIR CRASS UNART-  
LIENESS.



WITHIN A FEW MONTHS, GUERRILLA  
BANDS OF YOUNG ARTISTS WERE  
GATHERING CADAVERS FROM THE  
INNER CITY AREAS OF ALL LARGE  
CITIES.

YOU'RE GIVING YOUR LIFE  
FOR ART, BUDDY!



MY GOD, EVERY JERK IN TOWN  
HAS BECOME AN ARTIST! WHERE'S  
THE POLICE?



ON ONE HAND,  
RACHEL'S MALTHUSIAN  
DREAM OF CUTTING  
THE POPULATION BACK  
HAD BEEN FULFILLED.  
ON THE OTHER HAND,  
HER ARTISTIC  
IDEALS HAD BEEN  
TOTALLY PROSTRATED  
BY OTHERS. SHE DE-  
CIDED TO PUT AN END  
TO THIS, EVEN IF SHE  
HAD TO EXPOSE  
HERSELF. RACHEL  
WENT TO THE  
POLICE...

...BUT WHEN SHE ARRIVED AT METRO SQUAD  
HEADQUARTERS SHE FOUND TOTAL ANARCHY!



WITH THE POPULATION  
GETTING TOO THIN, RACHEL  
WAS FORCED TO MAKE HER  
ART OUT OF ARTISTS.



OH GOD, NOT THE ANIMALS TOO!

END



# JESUS PEOPLE, U.S.A.

## INTERVIEWS

### R. CRUMB,

#### UNDERGROUND

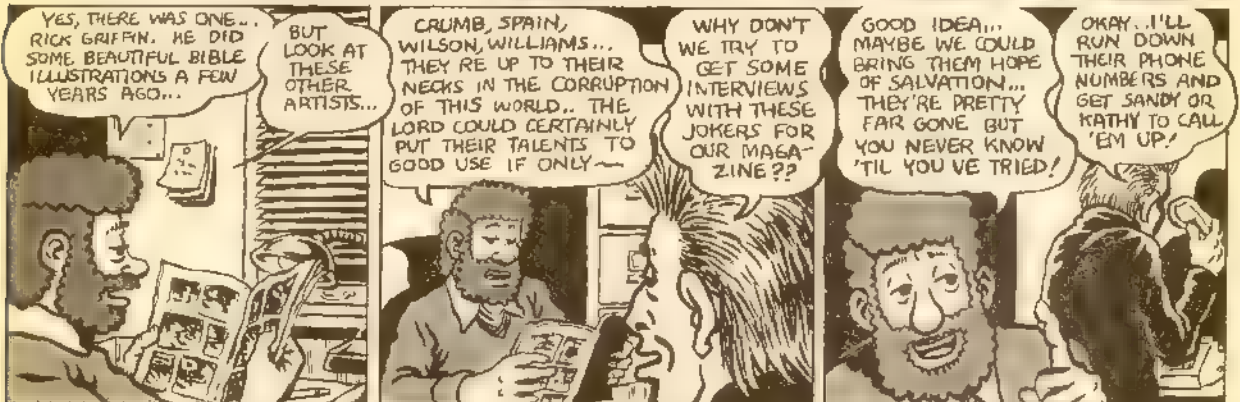
#### PORNOGRAPHER

#### and ALL-AROUND

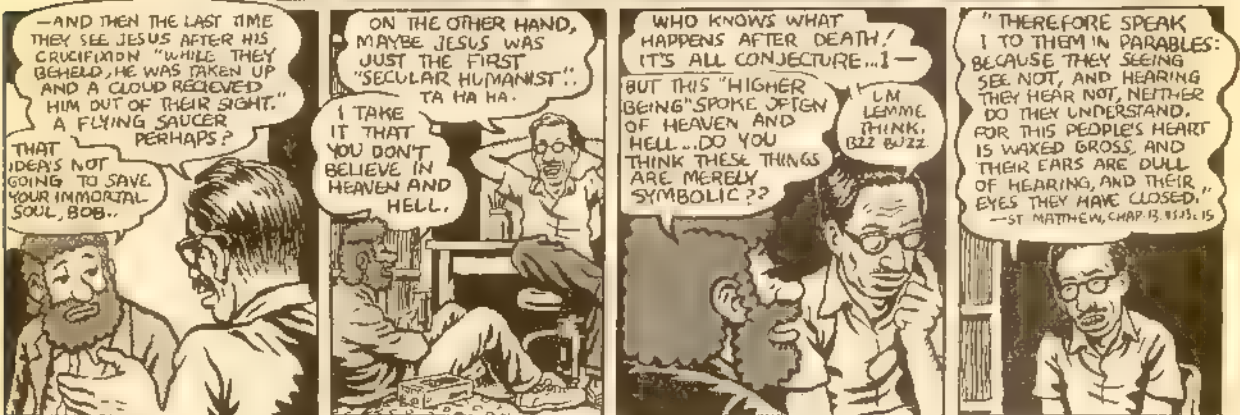
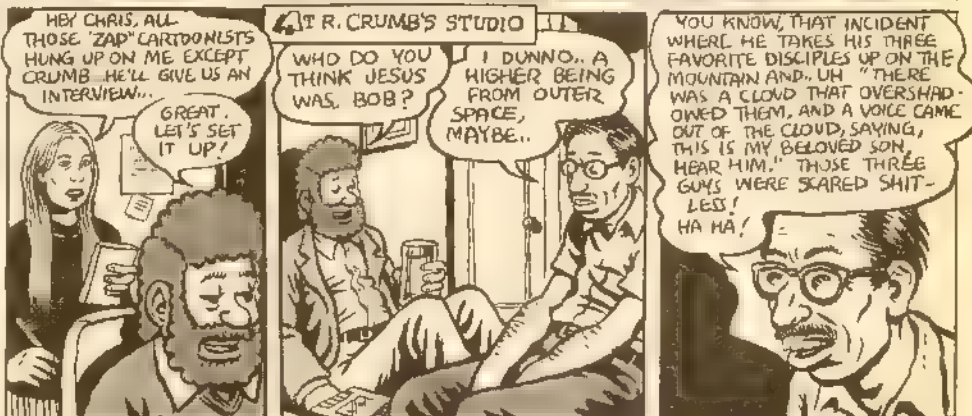
#### LOST SOUL

(A HYPOTHETICAL SITUATION)

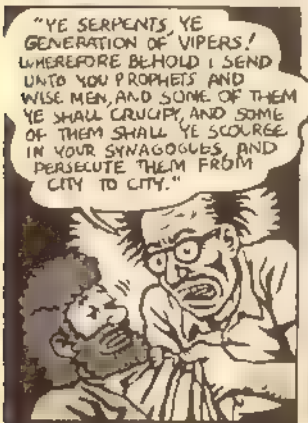
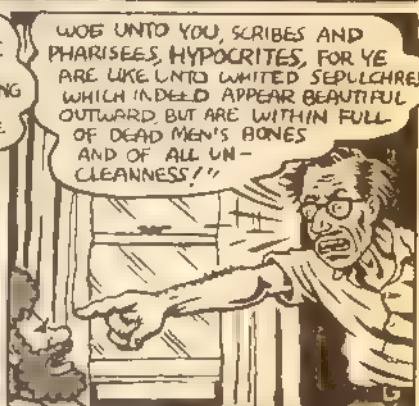
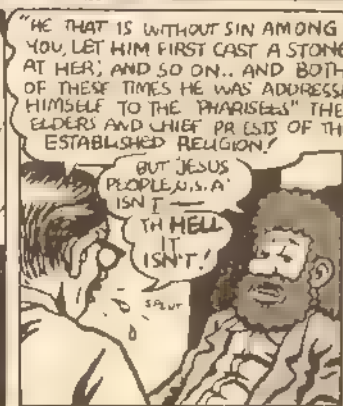
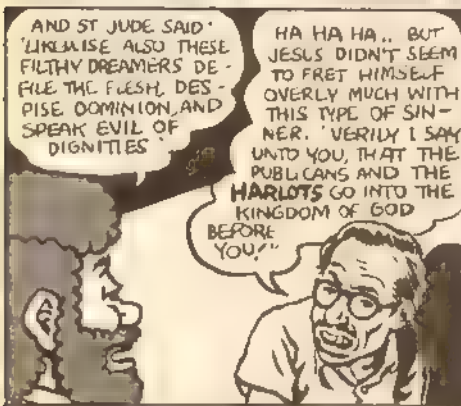
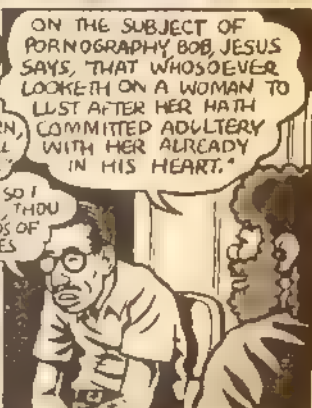
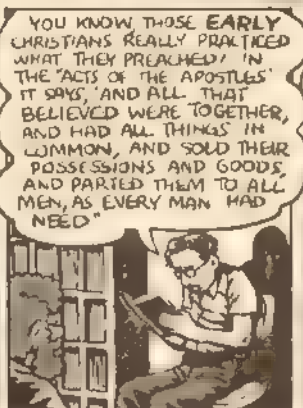
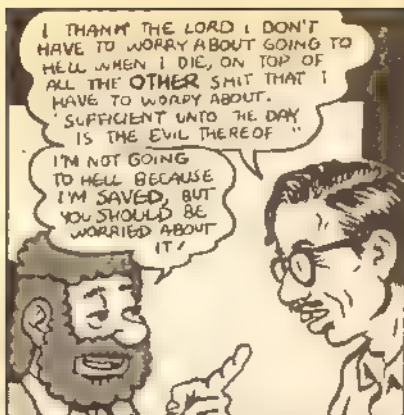
BY R. CRUMB



JESUS PEOPLE U.S.A. PUTS OUT A MAGAZINE DIRECTED AT YOUTH WHICH HAS INTERVIEWS WITH ROCKS STARS AND OTHER "YOUTH HEROES" MIXED IN WITH ITS CHRISTIAN SERMONS AND PUT DOWNS OF OTHER RELIGIONS. THE INTERVIEWER ALWAYS SEEKS TO NAIL DOWN THE PERSON'S STAND ON RELIGION, ESPECIALLY CHRISTIANITY, AND EVEN ATTEMPTS OFTEN TO "SAVE" THE PERSON BEING INTERVIEWED.

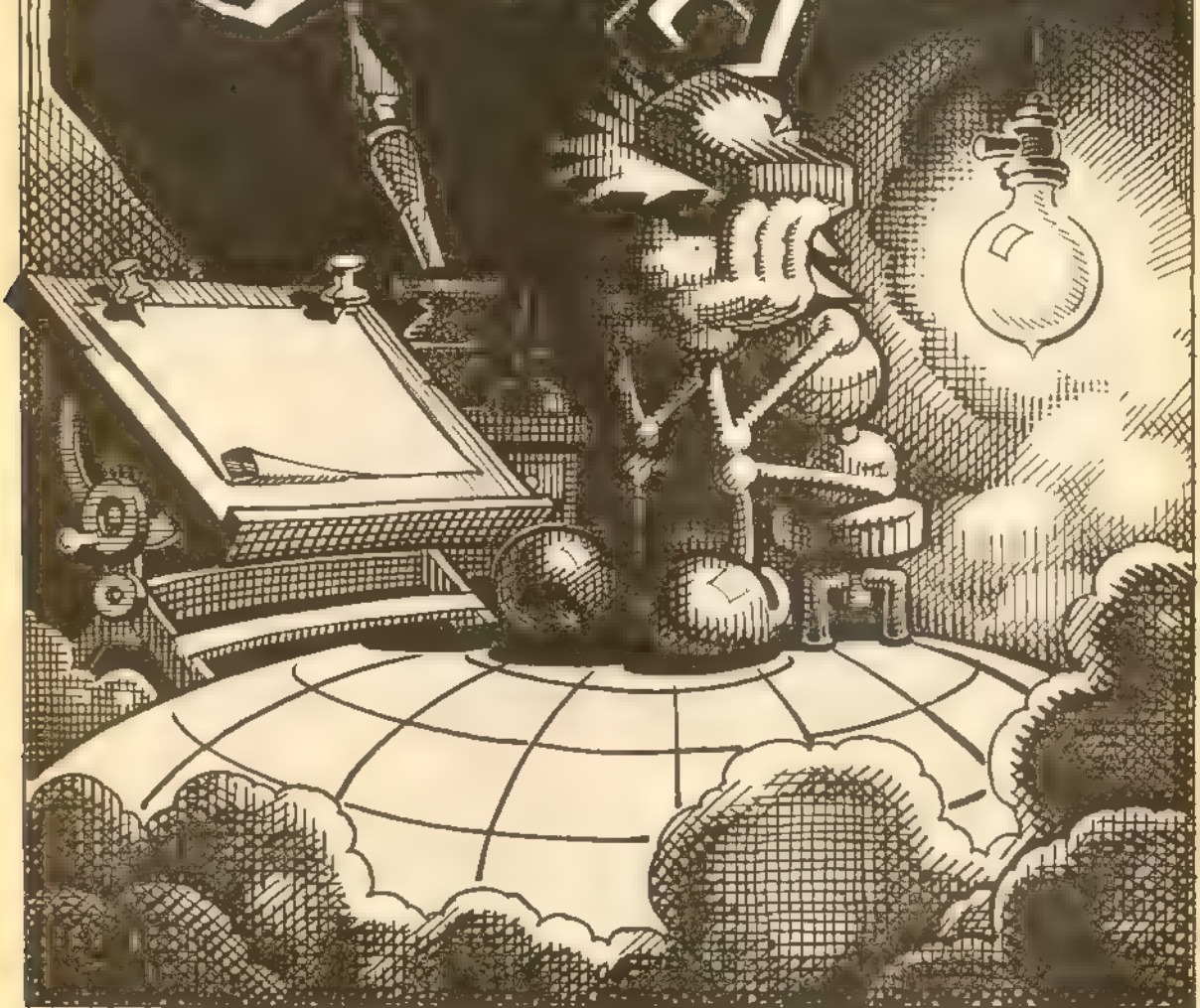




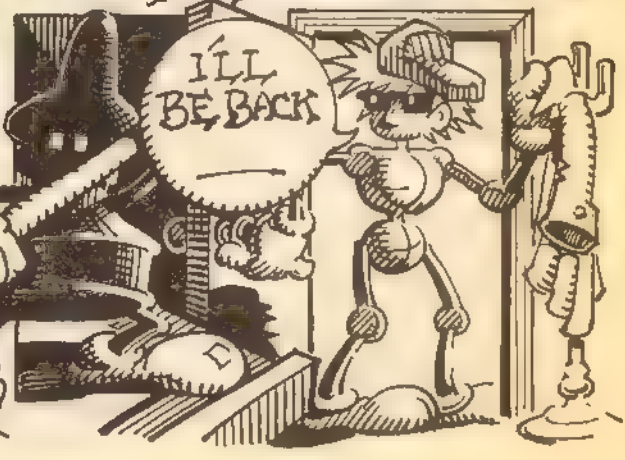
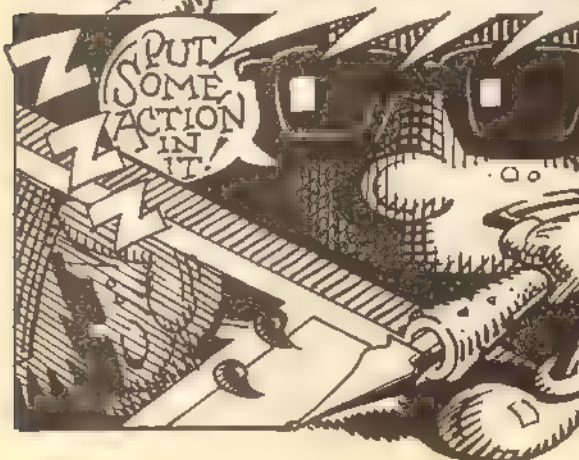
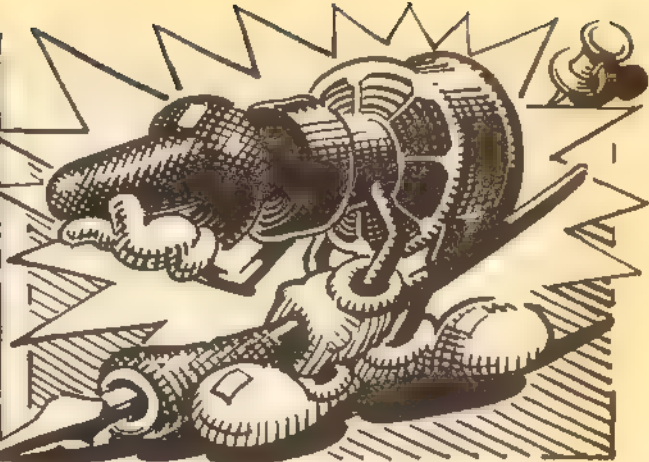
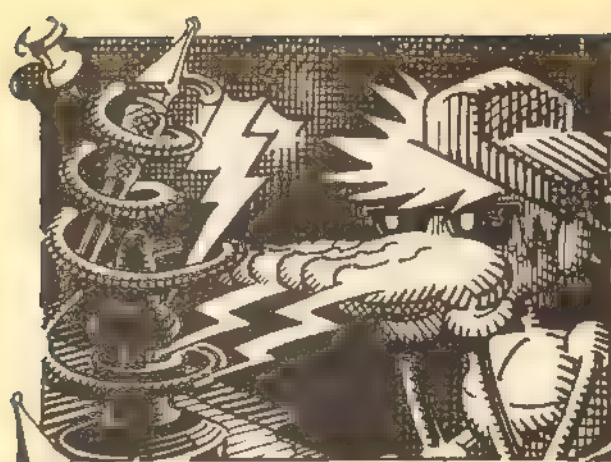




# Artwork of Draughts









& He Departed....

The... was started

He wandered Onwards

& pondered on words

ET IN  
ARCADIA  
EGO!





And he lighted upon a certain place & tarried there all night because the sun was set And he took of the Stones of that place & put them for his pillows & lay down in that place to sleep And he dreamed & behold, a ladder set up on the earth and the top of it reached to heaven. And behold the angels of God ascending & descending on it...

then  
he was  
given

- THIS -

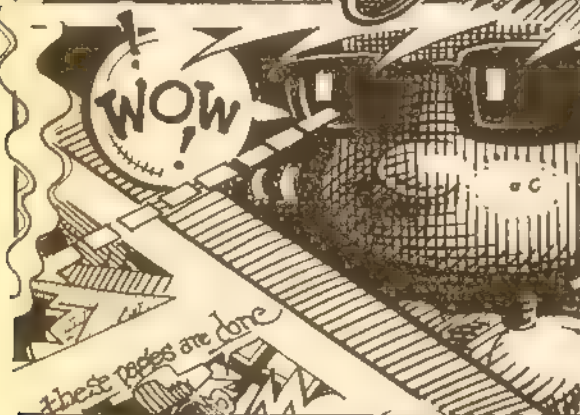
- MAP -



- LEGEND -  
INFERNAL REGIONS  
THE ISLES OF THE  
DEAD  
ISLES OF THE  
BLEST







The rest is history

Arthur  
PEN  
Dragon



# Lily Litvak

THE ROSE

OF STALINGRAD





THE NEW PILOTS ENTER THE  
COMMAND BUNKER

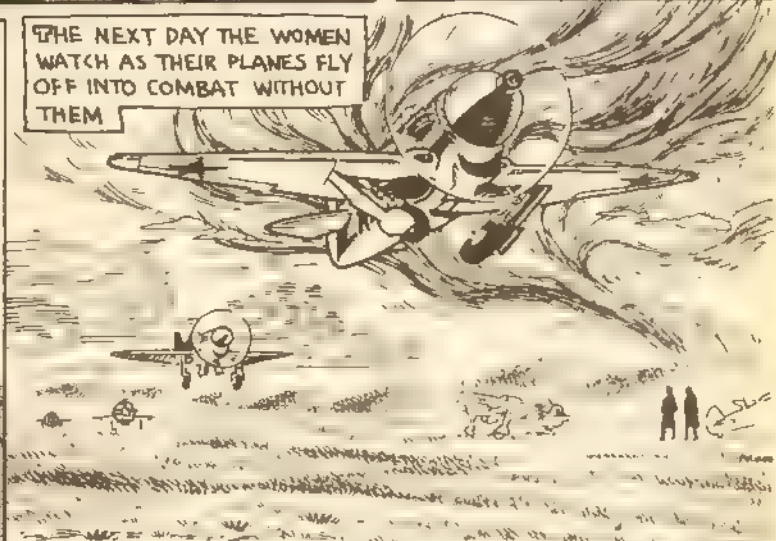


BUT SHORTLY AFTER THEY REPORT

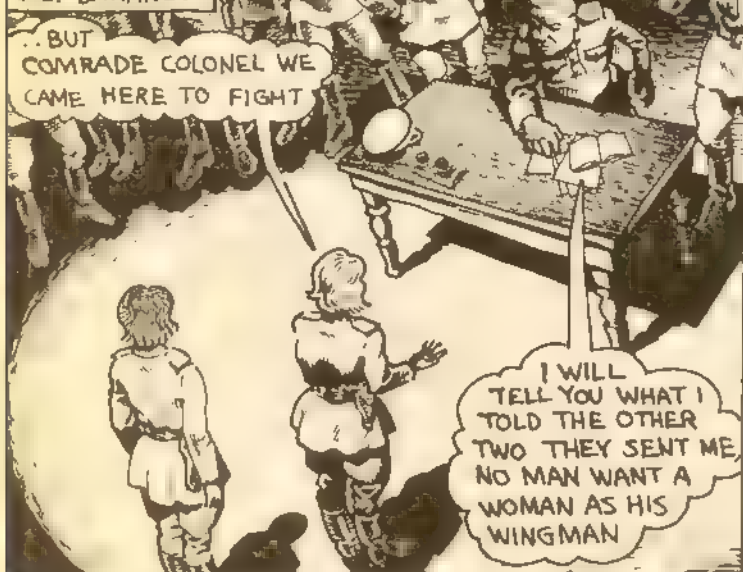
TOMORROW YOU  
TWO WILL FLY  
THE PLANES  
THESE  
WOMEN  
BROUGHT  
IN



THE NEXT DAY THE WOMEN  
WATCH AS THEIR PLANES FLY  
OFF INTO COMBAT WITHOUT  
THEM



AFTER BEING ON THE GROUND FOR A FEW DAYS LILY LITVAK  
AND HER FRIEND KATYA BUDANOVA CONFRONT  
COL. BARANOV



...BUT  
COMRADE COLONEL WE  
CAME HERE TO FIGHT

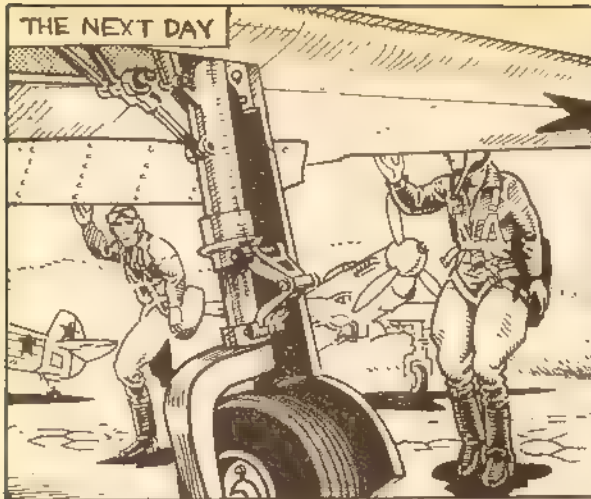
I WILL  
TELL YOU WHAT I  
TOLD THE OTHER  
TWO THEY SENT ME,  
NO MAN WANT A  
WOMAN AS HIS  
WINGMAN

CAPTAIN ALEXEI SALOMATEN, A  
CLOSE FRIEND OF THE COLONEL,  
SPEAKS UP



LET HER  
FLY AS MY  
WINGMAN

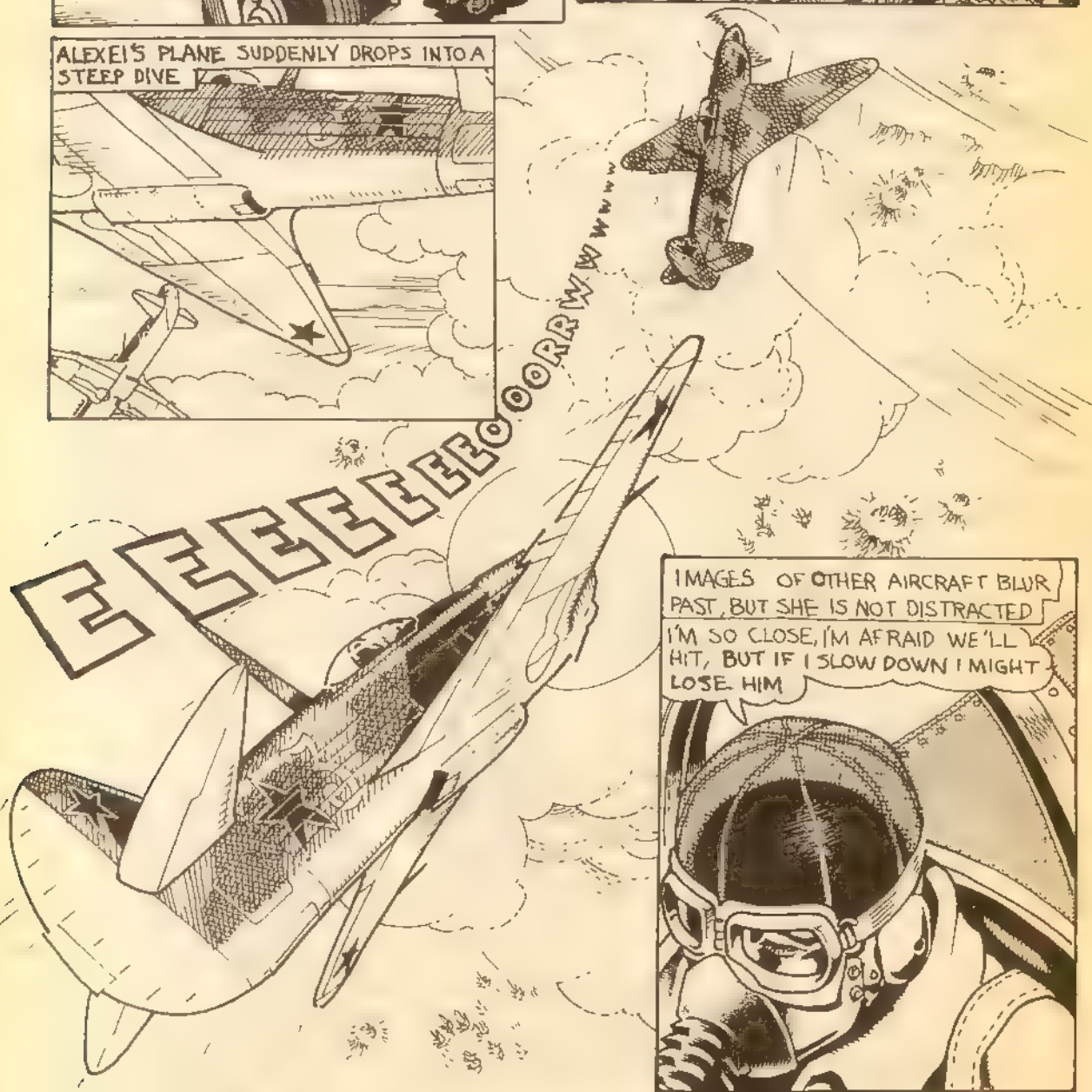
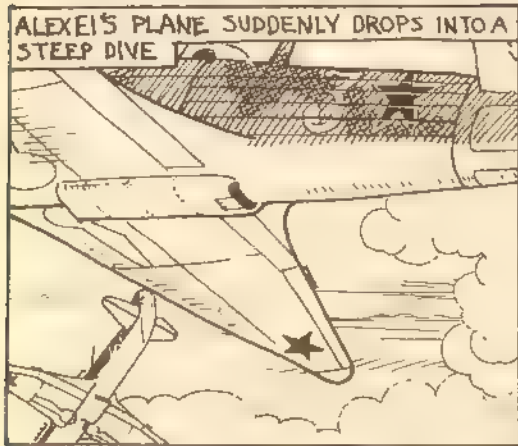
THE NEXT DAY



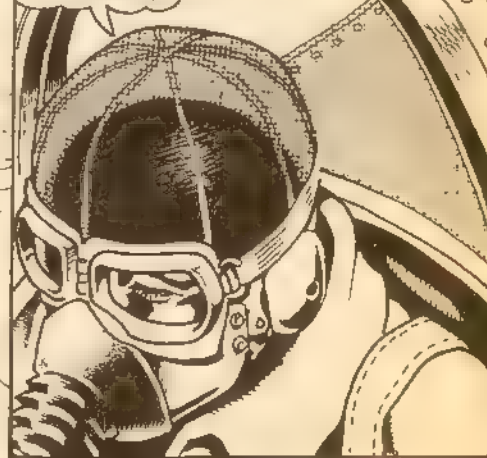
THEY FLY OVER BELEAGUERED STALINGRAD



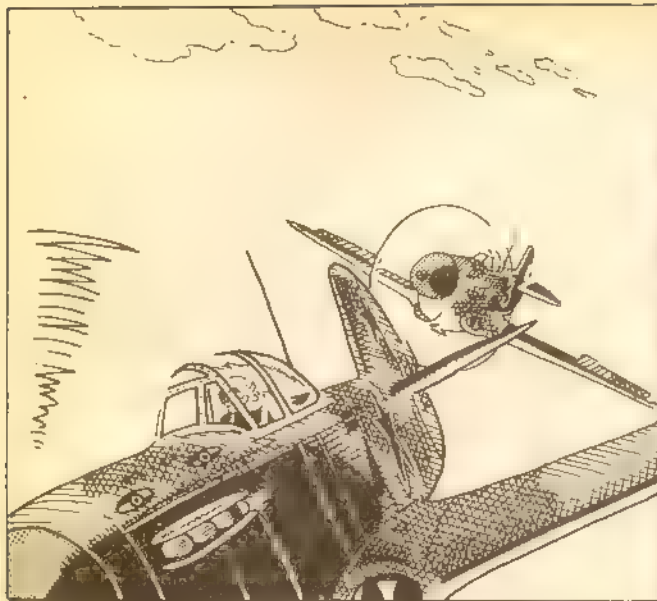
ALEXEI'S PLANE SUDDENLY DROPS INTO A STEEP DIVE



IMAGES OF OTHER AIRCRAFT BLUR PAST, BUT SHE IS NOT DISTRACTED  
I'M SO CLOSE, I'M AFRAID WE'LL HIT, BUT IF I SLOW DOWN I MIGHT LOSE HIM







WHEN SHE LANDS, THE NEW PILOT FINDS A WARM RECEPTION

MY REGULAR WINGMAN COULDN'T FOLLOW THAT MANEUVER THE FIRST TIME HE WENT UP



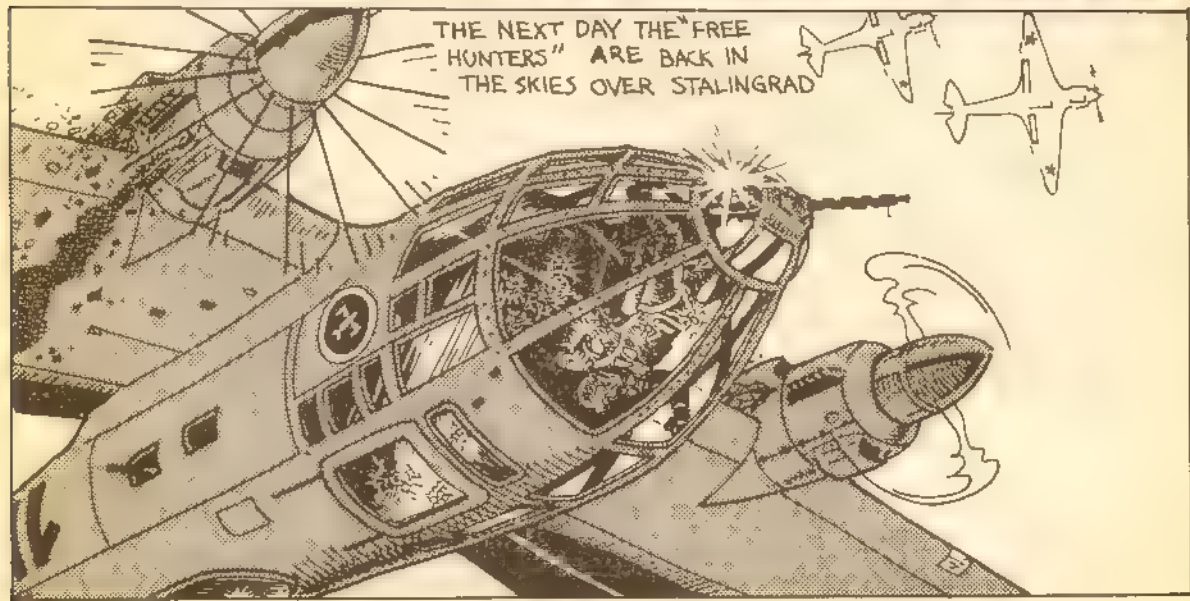
THEN HE TELLS HER ABOUT THE MESSERSCHMITT THEY HAD DOWNED



BUT... I DIDN'T SEE ANY ENEMY PLANES!

I'VE HEARD OF CONTEMPT FOR FASCISTS BUT YOU WON'T EVEN ACKNOWLEDGE THEIR EXISTENCE!

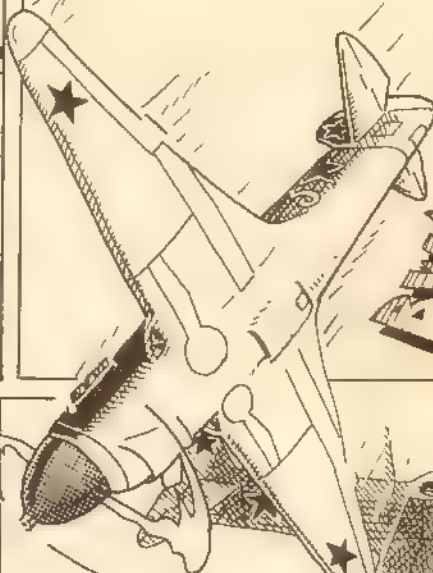
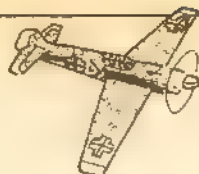
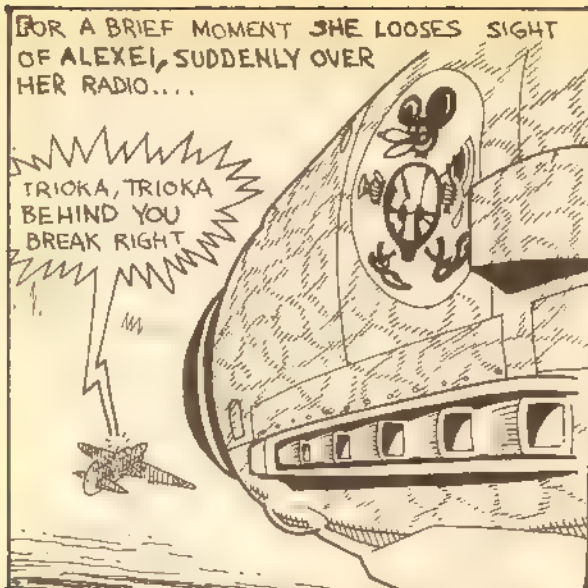
AS THEY LEAVE THE FIELD, THE HORIZON GLOWS WITH LIGHT FROM KATUSHA ROCKETS COVERING TROOPS CROSSING THE VOLGA TO THE LAST POCKETS HOLDING OUT IN THE BESIEGED CITY



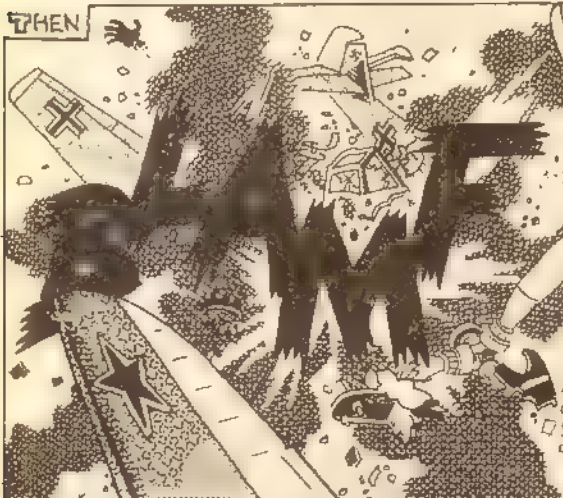
THE NEXT DAY THE "FREE HUNTERS" ARE BACK IN THE SKIES OVER STALINGRAD

FOR A BRIEF MOMENT SHE LOOSES SIGHT OF ALEXEI, SUDDENLY OVER HER RADIO....

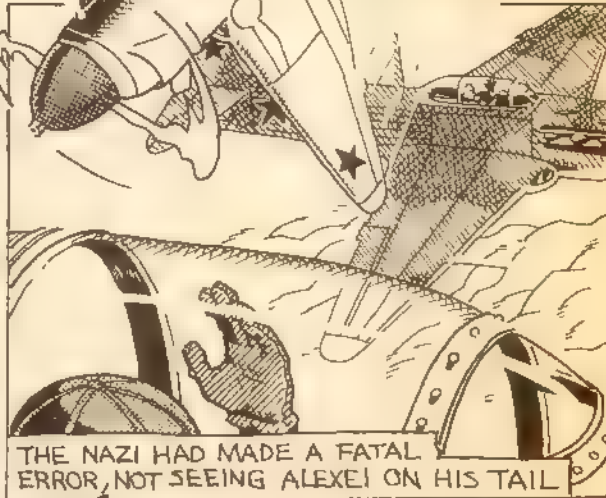
TRIOKA, TRIOKA  
BEHIND YOU  
BREAK RIGHT



AAAAAAAAAAAA



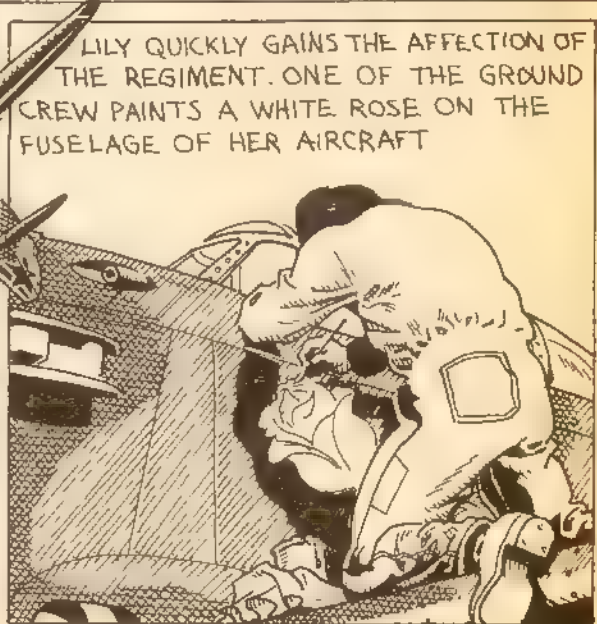
THEN



THE NAZI HAD MADE A FATAL  
ERROR, NOT SEEING ALEXEI ON HIS TAIL

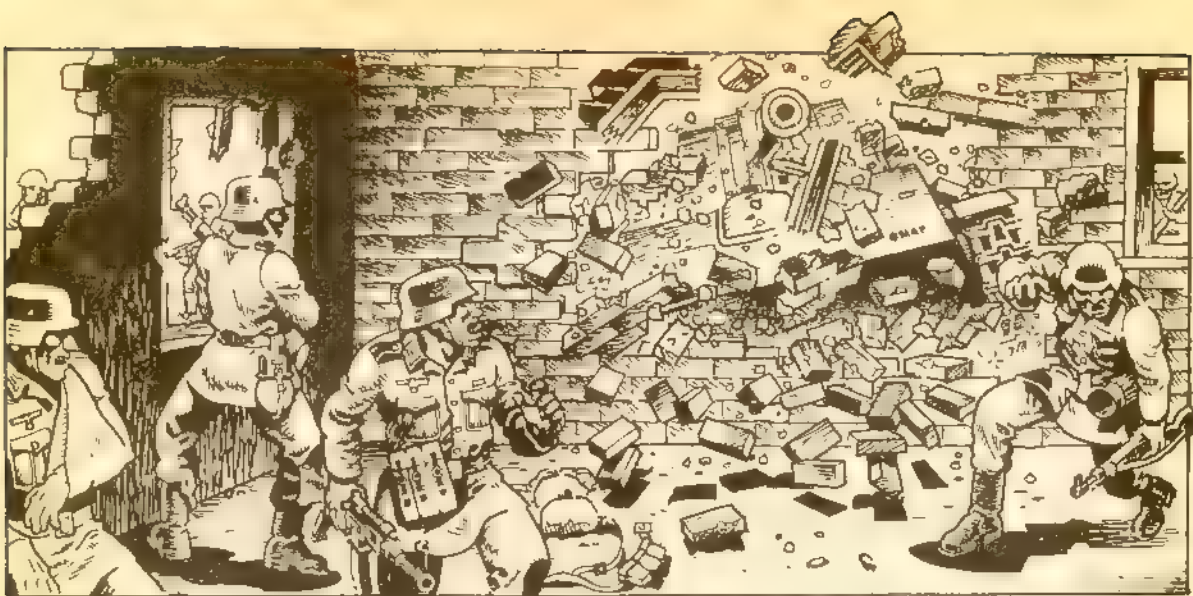


THEY EXECUTE A VICTORY ROLL  
AS THEY PASS OVER THE FIELD



LILY QUICKLY GAINS THE AFFECTION OF  
THE REGIMENT. ONE OF THE GROUND  
CREW PAINTS A WHITE ROSE ON THE  
FUSELAGE OF HER AIRCRAFT

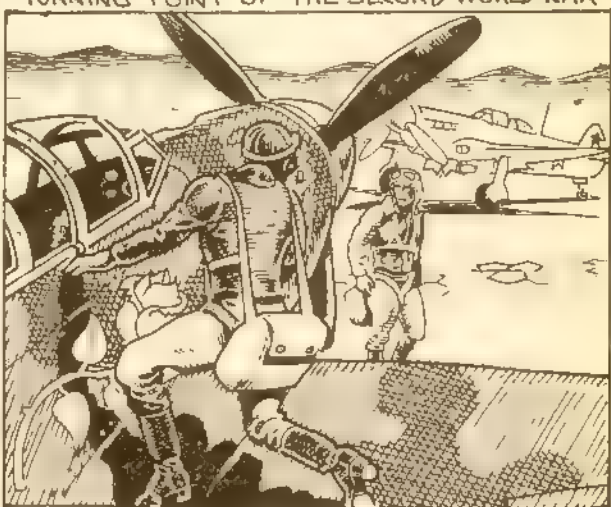




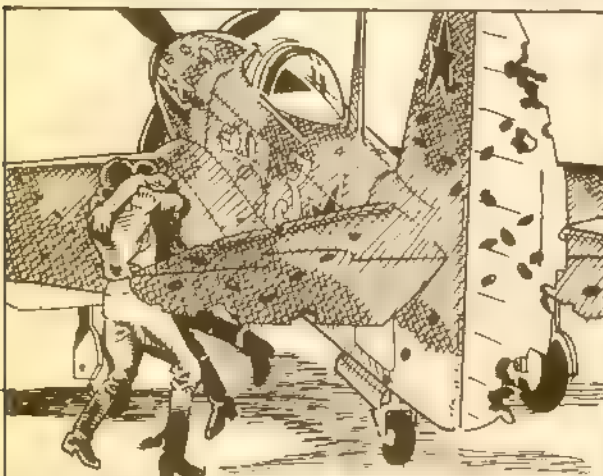
NOVEMBER 19, 1942, THE SOVIET ARMY GOES ON THE ATTACK TRAPPING 330,000 GERMANS IN THE STALINGRAD POCKET, THIS IS THE TURNING POINT OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR



SHARING THE DANGERS OF COMBAT, LILY AND ALEXEI FIND THEMSELVES DRAWN TOGETHER



MILITARY DECORUM MAKES IT INAPPROPRIATE FOR THE LOVERS TO EMBRACE BEFORE A MISSION



BUT WHEN LILY IS ALMOST SHOT DOWN, ALL THOUGHTS OF FORMALITY ARE FORGOTTEN

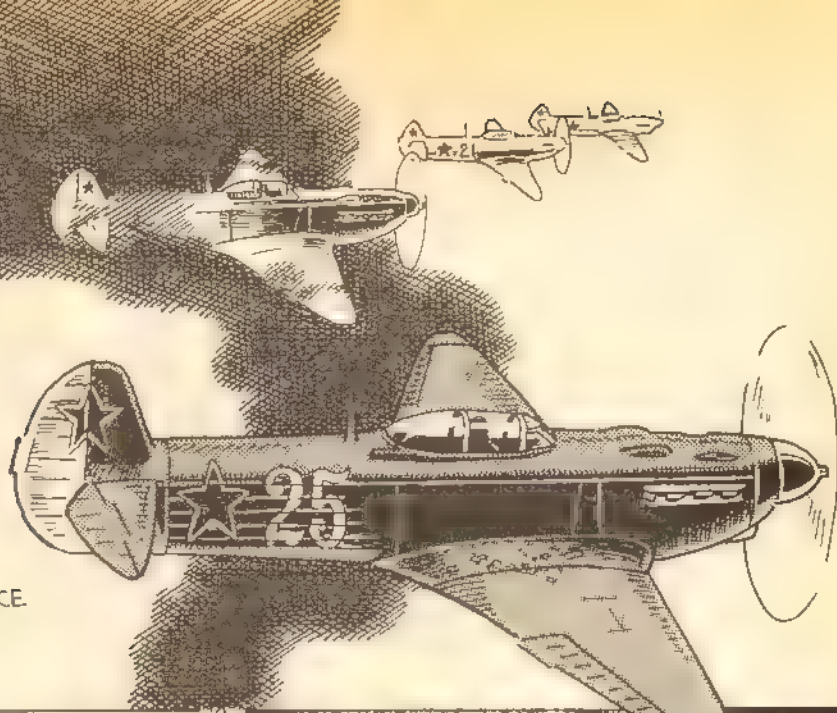


LILY'S FAME GROWS, SHE IS PROMOTED BY THE GOVERNMENT TO BOLSTER THE WAR EFFORT

THE NAZIS TRY DESPERATELY TO  
RELIEVE THEIR SURROUNDED TROOPS







BUT THE RED AIRFORCE  
IS GAINING CONTROL  
OF THE SKYS

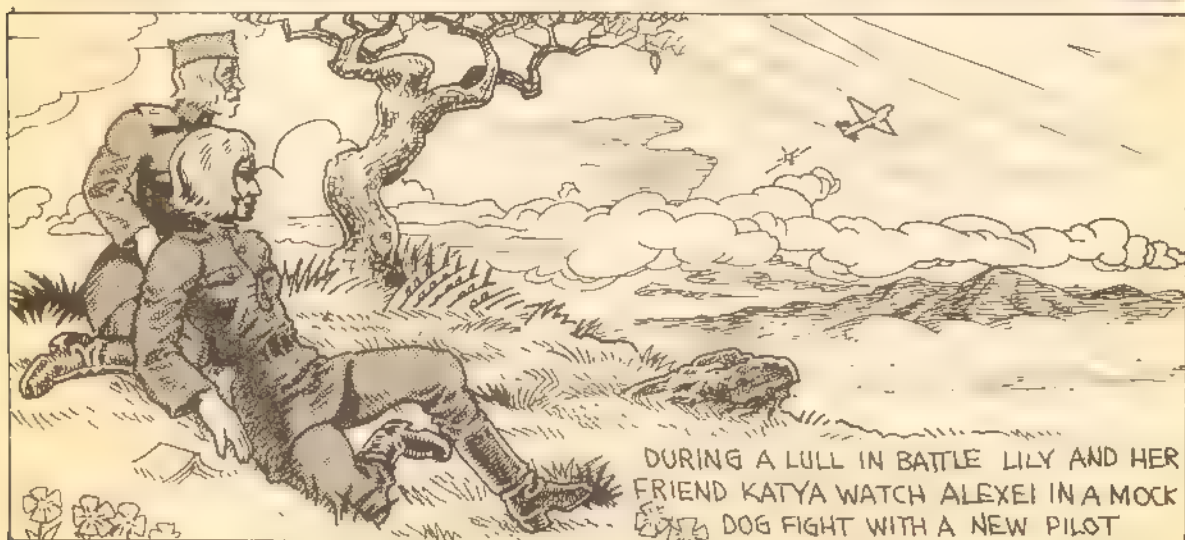
A FEW MONTHS BEFORE, THE NAZIS HAD  
ARROGANTLY ANNOUNCED THEIR ATTACKS



**TOMORROW RUSSKIE,  
BANG BANG!**

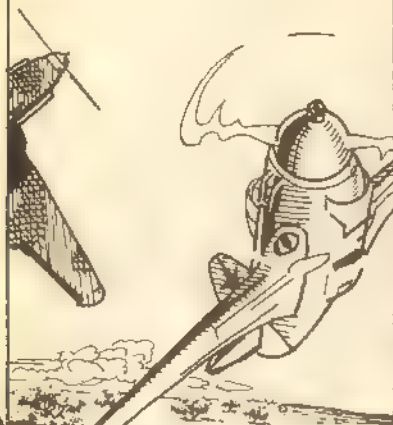


NOW THEY MEEKLY OFFER SURRENDER

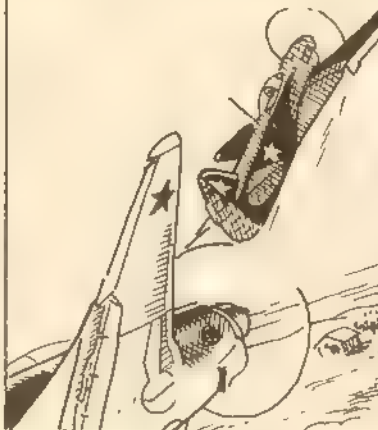


DURING A LULL IN BATTLE LILY AND HER  
FRIEND KATYA WATCH ALEXEI IN A MOCK  
DOG FIGHT WITH A NEW PILOT

THEY CIRCLE EACH OTHER CLOSER  
AND CLOSER TO THE GROUND



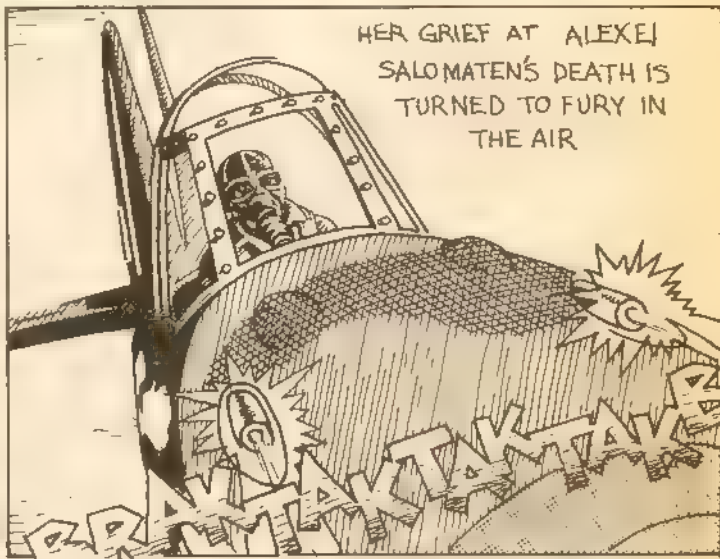
THE NEW PILOT BRAKES OFF  
PUTTING HIMSELF IN THE  
LINE OF ALEXEI'S FIRE



ALEXEI IS TOO LOW, HIS PLANE  
DOESNT CLEAR THE GROUND



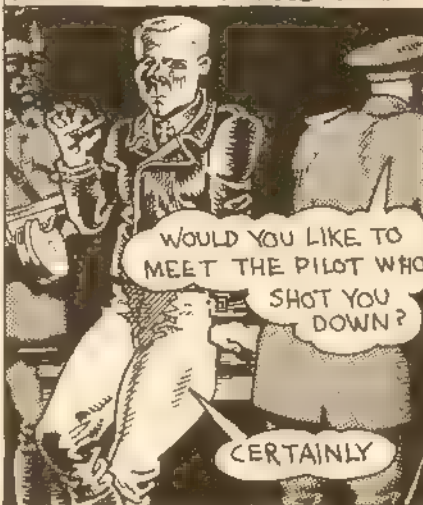
HER GRIEF AT ALEXEI  
SALOMATEN'S DEATH IS  
TURNED TO FURY IN  
THE AIR



EVEN THE ENEMY IS NOW  
AWARE WHEN LILY IS ALOFT



A DOWNED LUFTWAFFE PILOT IS  
BROUGHT TO THE COMMAND BUNKER





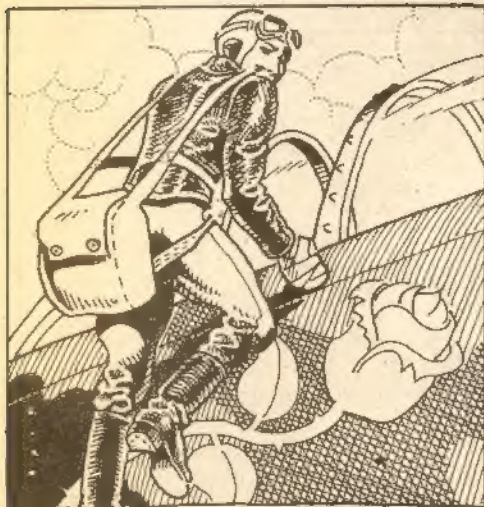


I DO NOT FIND YOUR LITTLE "JOKE" AMUSING YOU ARE DELIBERATELY TRYING TO HUMILIATE ME

LILY THEN PROCEEDS TO DESCRIBE THE FIGHT PRECISELY, ERASING ANY DOUBT ABOUT HER PARTICIPATION.

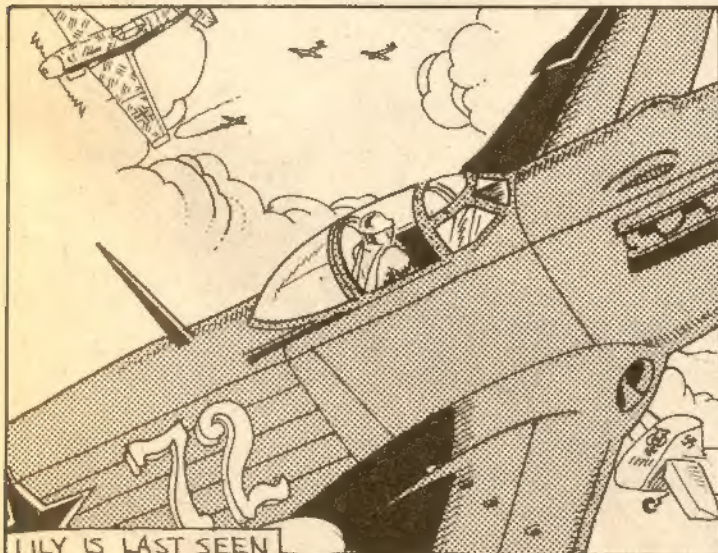
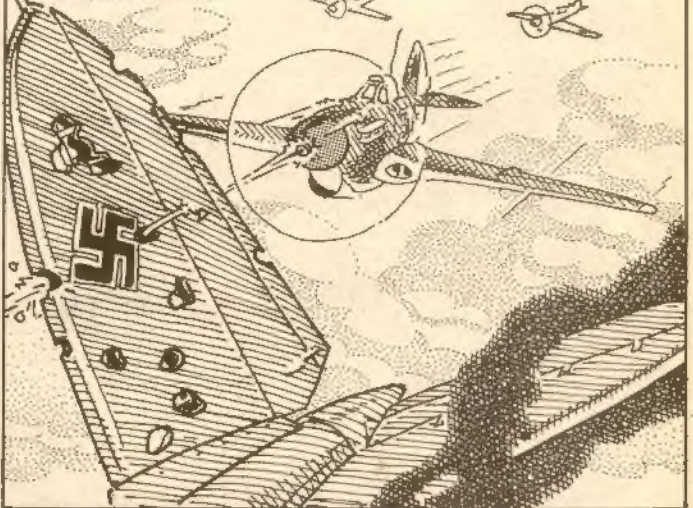


THE PRISONERS' EXIT IS NOT AS COCKY AS HIS ENTRANCE WAS



LILY ENTERS HER AIRCRAFT FOR THE LAST TIME. HER HAND HAS BEEN WOUNDED

SHE DOESN'T NOTICE THE TWO ENEMY PLANES BEHIND HER.



LILY IS LAST SEEN IN HER SMOKING PLANE, TURNING TO MEET HER PURSUERS

HER BODY IS NEVER FOUND. AT HER MEMORIAL SERVICE THE MEN CRY OPENLY. SHE HAD SHOT DOWN 12 PLANES BEFORE HER DEATH



WE ALL LOVED LITTLE "BLONDIE", AS A PILOT AND AS A PERSON SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL



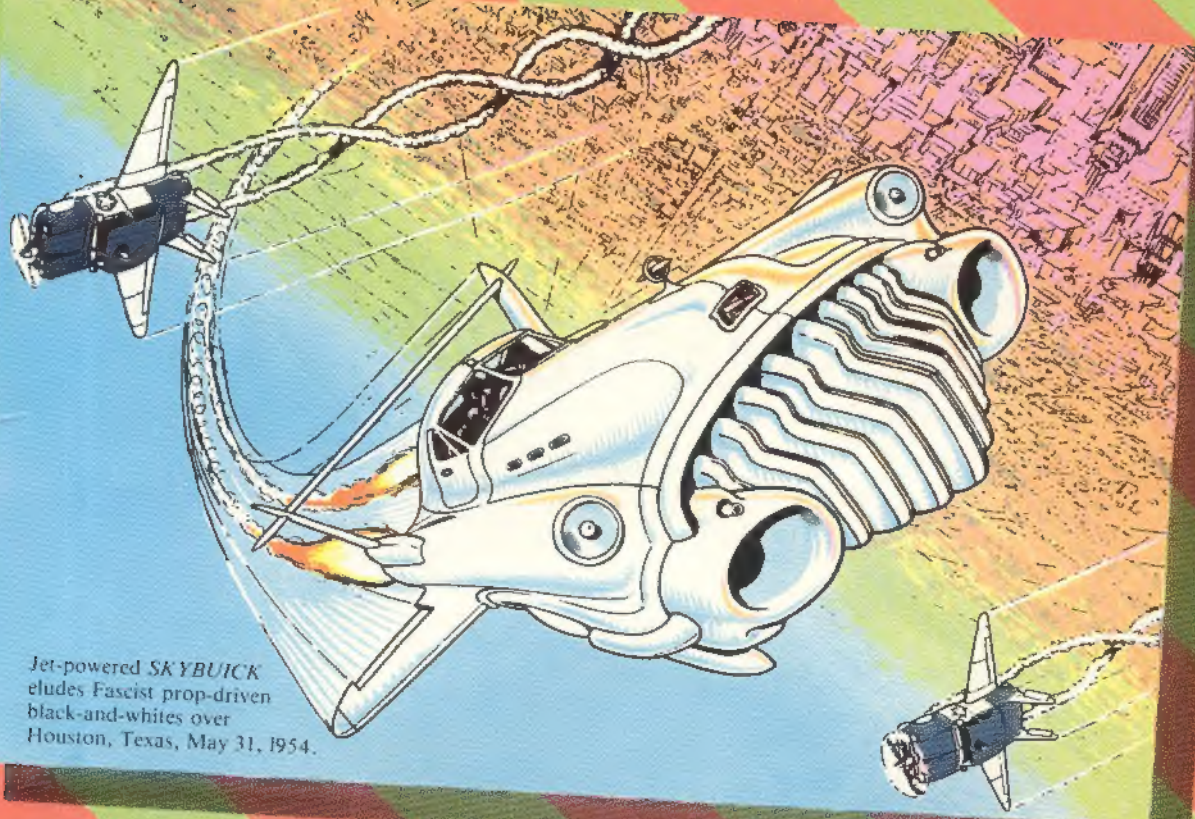
ROTTING ZOMBIES  
TAKE VENGEANCE  
UPON THE PIRATES  
WHO HAD  
SHANG-HAIED  
THEM  
© S. CLAY WILSON 1984



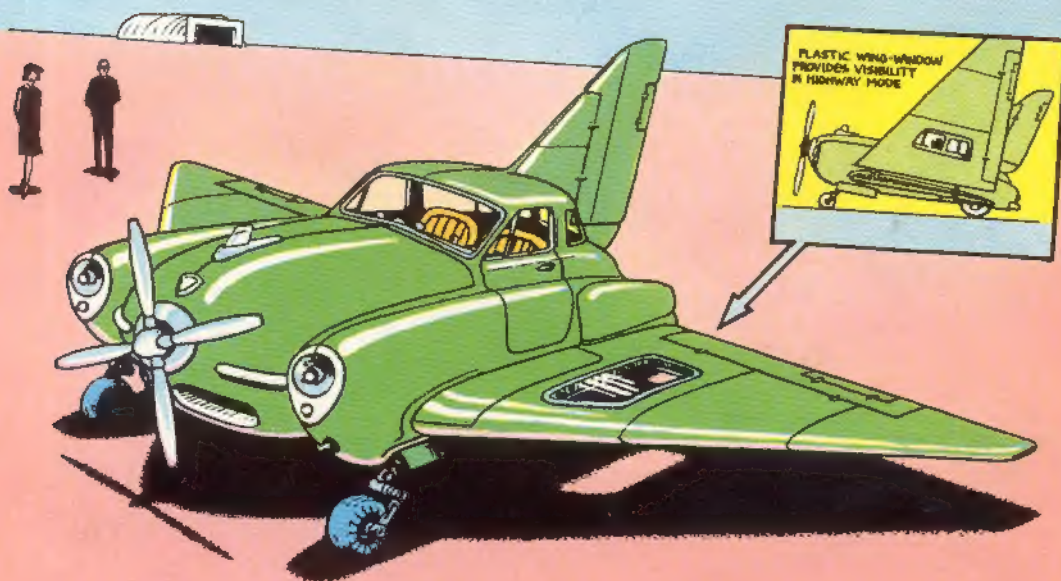








Jet-powered *SKYBUICK*  
eludes Fascist prop-driven  
black-and-whites over  
Houston, Texas, May 31, 1954.



1950 *AEROSTUDE* designed by Gilbert Shelton for Mr. C. Bailey of Port Costa, California